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The Congregational Review

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EDITED BY THE

REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A.

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The Congregational Review.

APRIL, 1889.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND THEIR CRITICS.

Mr. CAINE has been occupying his brief vacation with a study, among a multitude of Indian questions beside, of the work of Christian missionaries in that wonderful country, and comes back fully prepared to instruct us all, both as to the extent and the reasons of the comparative failure of past efforts, and as to the methods which must be adopted in order to insure greater success. It is impossible not to envy the facile plan on which an inquiry, which ought to be very wide-reaching indeed, has been conducted, and the absolute confidence which has been attained. Nothing is more surprising than the authority with which an English traveller will speak, on the strength of observations which have been so brief that they must have been imperfect and superficial, except the deference which so many pay to him. Undoubtedly there are numbers who will believe in a man who first believes in himself, and are more affected by the tone in which an opinion is delivered than by the evidence on which it rests. Mr. Caine is satisfied that he is right, and there are not a few who will be so impressed by the confidence with which he pronounces judgment as to accept his dictum as conclusive. We must be excused for inquiring more carefully as to the grounds on which his opinion rests, before agreeing on the strength of it to regard our mission work in India as being to a large extent a failure, and entering upon what would practically be a revolution in our entire methods.

There have been independent observers of the work in India beside Mr. Caine. Possibly some might put aside the testimony of the missionaries themselves as interested. Interested, indeed! Has the critic who starts such an objection ever paused to ask himself what the allegation means? What possible interest can a missionary have in maintaining his position in India? He is not amassing wealth like a merchant, nor is he serving the necessary period for a pension as a member of the Civil Service. Such comforts as he is able to secure are the result of a thrifty, shall we rather say a Christian, economy, which eschews a style of expenditure on which so many Anglo-Indians waste their resources; for his moderate income hardly exceeds that of a superior artisan, and would be despised by the successful candidates of the Civil Service examinations even in their first year of office. Deprived of all the pleasures of Christian association, which to him are very real; separated from his children, whom he has to send home, not so much for their education, as for their preservation from the physical and moral dangers of the country; expending his strength in a climate which, for the most part, must be injurious to his health, it is hard to see what interest can detain him in India, except the one passionate desire to win the heathen for Christ. It may be said that the strength of this feeling may give a roseate colour to all his work, and cause him to see success where another eye would detect failure. But it is just as possible that the opposite may be the case. No one is more sensitive to signs of weakness than the ardent worker, who has before his mind's eye a bright ideal, and chafes under the delay and disappointment in his attempts to realize it. For ourselves we should accept the views of an intelligent and experienced missionary, who has given himself and his family as hostages, in preference to that of the most astute observer, who, having hurried through the country in a few weeks, speaks with an air of authority which the man of wider observation would hesitate to adopt.

But missionaries are not our only witnesses. Mr. Albert Spicer belongs to the same class in society as Mr. Caine. We will not make invidious comparisons between them, but proceed on the assumption that they are equally capable of forming a judgment, and equally anxious to be honest and impartial. Mr. Spicer has this advantage, that his opportunities for observation were more numerous. It is true that he was a friendly observer, and that he visited the stations as a representative of a great society at home, which Mr. Caine was not. But Mr. Caine also avows himself a friend of Christian missions, and there is no reason to question his sincerity, although it must not be forgotten that, with all his kindness, he is always the "candid friend," and that the adjective very largely qualifies the substantive. Still there is no good ground for doubting his interest in missionary work, although we may wish on every account that it had found a different mode of manifesting itself. We should only object to any suggestion that Mr. Spicer's judgment was at all prejudiced by his intimate connection with the direction of the society. For what does that mean? Simply that he gives to it money and time, and what are more precious by far, soul and energy. Nor is this all, for he has a direct responsibility to the great constituency, which has given him its unlimited confidence. A good and able man in such a position will be almost nervously anxious about the actual condition of the work, and scrupulously careful as to the report which he gives to those on whose behalf he is acting. That this was so with Mr. Spicer all his colleagues know, and we hold it to be a fortunate circumstance, in view of present criticism, that the London Missionary Society has so lately had so thorough an inquiry, conducted by men so competent as Mr. Wardlaw Thompson and Mr. Spicer. Of the former we say nothing, because, with singular injustice, many are so ready to discount the statements of an official, although, of all concerned, it is his interest as well as his duty to get at the exact truth. We can go even further afield still, and, with such testimony as that borne by a

witness at once so competent and disinterested as Sir W. Hunter, enter without any anxiety into the controversy provoked first by Canon Isaac Taylor and now by Mr. Caine.

Into the statistical battle we altogether decline to enter. Spiritual results cannot be tabulated. We are devoutly thankful when the outward and visible signs of progress are so manifest that even the most sceptical is compelled to recognize the greatness of the work. But long before these discover themselves, there may be a large amount of intellectual and spiritual change. The results of work in India, if judged only by the number of conversions, are by no means contemptible; but, whatever they may be, they give but a very inadequate conception of the progress made. It has been truly said that the Church has a very imperfect apprehension of the great lessons taught in the parable of the leaven. Surely, nowhere are those lessons more valuable than in forming an estimate of the success of the gospel in such a country as India, with its hoary superstitions, with customs in irreconcilable antagonism to Christianity, and last, but not least, with the prejudices of a subject race against its conquerors. With the belief so ingrained in English minds that all sorts and conditions of men must be enamoured of our rule, we may find it hard to understand this last difficulty; but if proof were wanting of its existence and its gravity, an extract from a little catechism that circulates among the natives of India, which was read in the House of Commons, throws a curious sidelight on this point:

Why, says a mulir, who is supposed to be conversing with a peasant, should we kill the poor Europeans? Many of them are really good men; most of them mean, at any rate, to do right. They are ignorant, no doubt, of the rights of most matters concerning us; they blunder; they cause us misery, but they do it from ignorance—an ignorance unavoidable under the system which they work on, and which, even if they wished it, they could not change without our help. . . . Let us say, rather, God bless all of them (and there are many such) who feel kindly towards us in their hearts, and, according to their lights, mean well toward us; and God forgive those among them (and let us hope that they are not many) who dislike and despise us, and care nothing what becomes of us.

This is turning the tables with a vengeance. The Tory member who brought it under the notice of Parliament inquired whether the Government meant to suppress the publication; but this would not change the sentiment of which it is the expression. The least which it suggests is that the missionary does not derive an unqualified advantage from being the fellow-countryman of those who dislike and despise the natives, and show it by treating them like dogs. Yet in the face of all these difficulties, which do not become less formidable from being closely examined, there have not only been numerous conversions, but there has been a change of religious atmosphere, which is little short of the marvellous. Mr. Caine himself bears testimony to this:

I am not so foolish as to say that the enormous sums of money being spent upon missions in India have been wasted. On all hands there are abundant signs that the leaven of Western education, that the influence of bazaar preaching, and the enormous sale of the Bible itself, are working on the foul mass of corrupt idolatry that weighs down the whole national life of India.

It is not necessary to claim more than this to justify the friends of missionary effort. It is true, our critic goes on to say, that "it is equally clear to every impartial inquirer who goes through India with his eyes open that ninety-nine out of every hundred Indians who are revolting from idolatry are much more likely to follow the teachings of Bradlaugh, Comte, or, at the very best, Chunder Sen, than that of Christian missionaries." But forecasts of this kind do not trouble us. We are never more disposed to be critical than when we have some one professing to represent the opinion of all impartial inquirers. As a matter of fact, it is very rare to find absolutely impartial inquirers, and still more rare to find them in perfect agreement on any question which admits of difference of opinion. In the present case we hardly see on what data such an opinion can rest. If it be true, however, it tells not against Christian missions so much as against Christianity itself. For on this showing, the work has been done, the Bible has been circulated,

the glad tidings have been preached, and, as the result, the old faith of the people has been shaken to its centre. But every one who has eyes to see, and is not too prejudiced to admit the truth, must perceive that the present unrest is likely to issue in unbelief rather than in Christian faith. Happily we have had to do with this class of impartial inquirers before. They have always had the same kind of prediction to utter, and it has always proved equally false. But if they were now for the first time to be correct in their diagnosis, it is difficult to see how Mr. Caine would use it. As we shall see presently, he wants a new kind of missionary work tried. But why, if the result even of missionary success is to be unbelief? Curiously enough, he adds to this strange consensus of opinion on the part of the "impartial inquirers" his own Christian view: "However, it is God's work, not ours, and I have hopes that the native Church in India may produce its own apostle," &c. There we may be content to leave it. Even a little faith, though it be no more than a grain of mustard seed, is worth many bushels of opinion from mere "impartial inquirers." To us, who, in our love for the missionary work, and our admiration and, in some cases, reverence for the men by whom it is carried on, should not be greatly concerned though our enthusiasm were regarded as a sign that we are not impartial, it is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Caine that "there never was a heathen nation more ripe for Christianity than India." When the field is thus white to the harvest, the sowers may well rejoice. The six missionaries to be sent out from the Myrtle Street Church, or the agents of the new society, which our friend is desirous to see started, may come in as reapers, and they will be heartily welcomed. But there could be no place for reapers had not the sowers gone before, and it would certainly be a strange phenomenon that the promise of the harvest should be so abundant if the work of the seed-time had been so inefficiently done.

That a change of method in some departments of our missionary work would be advantageous will not be ques-

tioned by any of the officials or committees whom Mr. Caine credits with a belief in their own infallibility. If this sin lay at their doors, it is not to be regarded either as very serious or very uncommon, and this excuse may at least be pleaded on their behalf, that experience has given them some acquaintance with the facts. It is simply absurd to suppose that they have any reason for obstinately adhering to a particular course of action, even though it should be proved unsatisfactory. They are liable, of course, to be affected by those conservative tendencies which are the besetting weaknesses of the managers of great organizations; but in their case these are counteracted by very strong influences on the opposite side. There are in these committees men with the enthusiasm and love of enterprise characteristic of a younger generation, who are themselves possessed with a passion for advance, and who have behind them a strong force of religious feeling in the churches. A great missionary society cannot afford to stand still; in fact, it is impossible that it can long do so. It must move, and it must grow if it would live. Committees charged with the administration of large funds, and, what is of even more importance, the direction of an enterprise in which the faith and zeal of the churches are embarked, and to which they are looking with eager and anxious expectancy, will not at once adopt every new idea which may suggest itself to any casual observer of their work; but, so far from priding themselves on their own superior wisdom, they are ready to listen to well-weighed suggestions, come whence they may, and to profit by experience of every kind.

The favourite idea of many at present is that some of the younger societies (if, indeed, they can fairly lay claim to that name) have given valuable lessons to those which have been longer in the field. Mr. Caine says:

The man who has won my respect and esteem the most of any missionary I have yet met in India was a Salvation Army captain, living with another companion in one small upper room at Ahmedabad. He was a dentist from Bristol, who threw up £300 a year and good prospects to tramp about India barefoot, preaching the gospel. His

cost to the society which sends him out is exactly 7s. 8d. per month, for he lives on vegetables and rice. A happier, brighter Christian I have never met. I have seen, a few days ago, a letter from an ex-missionary in India, who is enjoying an easy retirement allowance of £200 a year, reflecting on these very heroes of the Salvation Army; I think he might have remained silent. I make no comment now on their methods or the probable success of their labours, but I am quite sure of this, that if we could find in all the English Protestant missionary societies in India 200 such devoted men as are to be found in the ranks of the Jesuits and the Salvation Army, the work of converting India would begin.

To take the last assertion first, it is best to say with all frankness that we are not Jesuits, that we cannot work on Jesuit lines, and that we do not covet the kind of success which Jesuits achieve. We may be told, in reply, *fas est ab hoste doceri*; but it is only to a very limited extent that this can be true in the present case. It may be perfectly true "that the costliness of missionary enterprise is very great on ordinary Protestant lines, as compared with Jesuit or Salvation Army methods." But economy is not the sole nor the principal consideration in such a matter. There seems to be a fascination for some minds in that organized despotism which is common to the methods of the Jesuits and the Salvation Army; but even those for whom it has this strange charm must admit that faith in its principle is essential to its success. But that principle is contrary to the very idea of Protestantism. It represses all freedom, effaces all individuality, substitutes a dreary monotony for a wise elasticity of method. Possibly it may have its advantages; but be this as it may, they can be secured only at a cost which we decline to pay. Certain it is that we cannot combine the force which belongs to the independence and variety of Protestantism with those of the compact but repressive organization of the Jesuits or the Salvation Army.

Mr. Caine thinks that in these latter may be found more zeal and devotion than other missionaries exhibit. He is absolutely sure that their methods are worthy of imitation. By all means let him enjoy his confidence. It only reminds us of the story of one able man who wished he could be as

sure of anything as his friend was of everything. But it need not disturb us, albeit it is somewhat amusing in view of the scorn poured on the infallibility of Committees. It is a very different matter when Mr. Caine tells us in the same oracular style, "*I am quite sure of this*, that if we could find in all the English Protestant missionary societies in India two hundred such devoted men as are to found in the ranks of the Jesuits and the Salvation Army, the work of converting India would begin." This is nothing less than a wholesale calumny upon a body of true-hearted, noble-minded men, who are spending their lives for Christ and human souls. And it is a calumny for which no evidence can be produced. Mr. Caine cannot know the men whom he brings within the sweep of his implied censure.

But passing over this personal aspect of the question, is it quite so certain that the asceticism, which is a point common to both these classes, is exactly what the Hindoo needs to see in his teachers? "Every teacher," says Mr. Caine, "from whom he has in time past received religious inspiration, is associated in his mind with asceticism, self-renunciation, poverty, and apostolic simplicity." His inference is that the Christian missionary who is to affect them must have the same characteristics. Ours would be the very opposite. The man, dwelling apart from others, moving among them as not of them, and in virtue of this supposed sanctity claiming homage and deference, has been a familiar object. But the good man who mingles with them as one of themselves and yet preserves the purity of his own life would present religion to them in a new aspect, and so awaken a sympathy and interest they had never shown before. Granted that the missionary should not be the "great gentleman"—and there is no danger that the income provided by our London Missionary Society will ever enable him to be so—on the other hand, it is not desirable that he should bear a close resemblance to the Brahmin or the Buddhist priest. The Christian missionary is not the disciple of John the Baptist, but of Him who was content to bear the reproach of being a friend of

publicans and sinners, in order that He might show how the social life of man can best be sanctified.

Mr. Caine, like some others, seems to be fascinated by the idea of celibate missionaries, and far be it from us to deny the value of the service which men thus free from family ties might render, especially if they went out in pairs. Canon Taylor has put very strongly, but not too strongly, the trying position in which young English wives must be placed in some of the outlying stations; the hardships they must have to endure, the perils of health and even life, to which they are necessarily exposed. There probably are stations of this character, where it would be desirable and expedient to employ two unmarried men, and none of the great missionary societies are insensible to this. To judge by the statements of our two critics (should we not rather speak of one, since the letters of Mr. Caine are nothing more than illustrations of Canon Taylor's papers?) the missionaries might all be of the type described in such graphic style by the excellent Canon, as "men to whom a Committee have guaranteed £300 a year, paid quarterly, and each of whom has provided himself with a bungalow, a punkah, a pony carriage (with Mr. Caine it is a dog-cart), and a wife." The Canon, of course, speaks of the Church Missionary Society, but his remarks are meant to apply, possibly with some modifications, to all the great societies. The "man with a pony carriage" is so favourite a picture with him that he returns to it again and again. It reminds us of Carlyle's well-known definition of the respectable man as one who kept a gig. The pony carriage is decidedly better. It has a more attractive sound, and gives a more striking idea of the luxury in which these pampered missionaries live. It is decidedly more effective than Mr. Caine's picture of the "great gentleman," especially when the Canon's point is sharpened by the charming contrast between the aspirant, as he was in this country—the son of the "village blacksmith, on whom Jeames objects to wait—and the sahib, the charitable Englishman who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a

European form of their old incarnations and triads, and drives out his wife and his little ones in a pony carriage." Effective as this rhetoric may be for its immediate purpose, it is extremely cruel to men who are giving up their lives to a service for Christ, which an ecclesiastical dignitary might be proud. These insinuations mean that the missionary's life is one of comparative ease and luxury. If there is evidence to prove this, let it be produced. This is not a subject on which the literary artist may properly exercise his skill, but one on which we need facts, and facts only. If it be a fact that the Christian people of this country are being deceived and are giving their money and some of them, at all events, making considerable sacrifice to send preachers of the gospel to the heathen, while these men are leading self-indulgent lives which mar the success of their work, let the truth be told. Why does not some one on the Board of the Church Missionary Society move for a return of the names of missionaries who drive about in pony carriages, distinguishing between those conveyances which are kept for the work of the mission and which are absolutely necessary because of the extent of the district and the want of other modes of communication? These fancy sketches are unworthy of controversy between men who are equally desirous of having the work done well. Directors of missionary societies may make mistakes, but they are certainly not desirous to tax the churches for the support of ineffective men, and Canon Taylor, with all his hatred of shams (in which we are at one with him), and all his cleverness in making points would shrink from making them at the cost of misrepresenting the action and wounding the feelings of good men engaged in an enterprise whose success must be desired by every Christian heart.

But this is an incidental point. If married missionaries are so well paid that they can indulge in luxuries to which those who bear the burden of the work at home are unaccustomed, there is a place for reform. But that does not affect the underlying principle. A revision or reduction of salaries is a very small matter as compared with a radical alteration of policy, such as would be involved in

the plans suggested either by Mr. Caine or Canon Taylor. Stress is properly laid on the employment of native pastors, and here we are in perfect accord. The task of converting any people by preachers of a foreign race is all but hopeless, but our societies are not pledged to no such difficult enterprise. The native preachers and pastors in India are among the most valuable workers, and the aim of all wise missionaries is to multiply them. Canon Taylor writes: "Mr. Routledge says if the missionaries would succeed they must cease to be sahibs, and become the brethren of the people. He describes the native catechist walking humbly three or four steps behind the missionary, not daring to walk abreast of him." It would be interesting to hear what the missionary has to say on this. The incident may be true, and yet he may not be to blame. It may simply be one of the unfortunate results of the difference of race. The true Christian will do his utmost to efface the feeling which prompts this humility of attitude on the part of natives—only too familiar, alas! with the arrogance and bullying of white sahibs. But all his kindness may fail at once to overcome the feeling which is ingrained in the native mind, and which, doubtless, is one serious hindrance to the spread of Christianity. Would to God we had a generation of native preachers equal to all the needs of India! But it does not exist, and until it is raised up we must have English missionaries, and a large proportion of them must be married, whose own Christian homes shall be centres of religious influence and models of domestic life, such as people trained in the habits of India peculiarly need.

It is satisfactory to find that Canon Taylor has found at least one hero among the workers of the London Missionary Society. He would doubtless recognize the claims of others to this high honour, but the one whom he names is sufficient for us, "John Williams, of Erromanga, who converted the Polynesian cannibals, was such a hero." But John Williams was not a celibate who cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the great Renunciation of Buddha, nor an ascetic maintained at the cost of five

pounds a year. What is more, his wife was his companion in toil and suffering. Linked with him in the memory of the Congregational churches is Robert Moffat, and so impressed was his son with the service rendered by his saintly mother that the son and biographer has woven their life-story into one. These are not solitary cases. It would be easy to collect from the homes of our missionaries a noble army of women, who are more than the right hand of their husbands, who are counsellors, comforters, and fellow-workers, whose words and lives are an inspiration and a force. Of course a married missionary costs more, but when his wife is one of kindred spirit he is worth more himself, and he brings with him the superadded force of a devoted wife. Nowhere is there a more striking illustration of those words of the Psalmist, which the Revised Version has given us, in its true significance and full beauty: "The Lord giveth the word: the women that publish it are a great host."

But about this question controversy would be wasted. The man who proposed to the Board of any of our missionary societies to withdraw the influence of the missionary's wife and the missionary's home from India would meet with but little sympathy. Probably Mr. Caine himself would hardly advocate so extreme a measure as this, although his ideal missionary apparently is a young man going out in the self-forgetfulness of faith, with a minimum of intellectual preparation, and at a minimum of cost. There is nothing to prevent him or those who agree with him from making the experiment; but those whose conviction is unchanged will pursue what they hold to be the more excellent method, and, while they show the sincerity of their convictions by sacrifice of time and money, it is not easy to see how the strictures of their censors have any *locus standi*. The actions of all public bodies are doubtless open to public criticism; and if there had been abuses to expose, their exposure would have been welcomed by none more than by the directors of our missionary societies. But

this is only a difference of opinion. Mr. Caine is on one side, but on the other are numbers of good men who have studied the subject on the spot, and that not in a flying visit of a few weeks, but during a residence of years. We may be charged with foolish prejudice, but we certainly prefer the opinion of experienced missionaries, especially since it supports the conclusion we have formed on independent grounds. In a country where woman has been degraded there seems to us to be special need for the influence which Christians' wives might exert.

Into the question of higher schools in India we shall not enter here. Whether these institutions are accomplishing all that their ardent friends expected from them is a very fair question to start; but it is unfair to suggest that those who established them forgot the one aim of Christian missions. India has had few greater missionaries than Dr. Duff, and his belief was that it was by such means that the conversion of the country was to be effected. He may have been mistaken, or it is possible that the changed condition of India may render a change of policy desirable. But we are not disposed to accept this on the strength of sweeping assertions that "a college education in India, even when conducted by missionaries, only appears to loosen faith in all religions and destroy the moral restraint which comes from faith of any kind."

We object chiefly to the tone which Mr. Caine takes in regard to conversions, especially to the comparison of those made by the Jesuits on the one side and by the Protestant missionaries on the other, and to the conclusions he draws from the comparatively small number of the latter. Of course the work is easier for the Jesuit priest, who is easily satisfied by the willingness of nominal converts to be baptized, than for the Protestant teacher, who will not admit any into the Church until they have satisfactory evidence of a change of heart and character. We are not, indeed, prepared to say that the conversions are as numerous as we could desire, but must it therefore at once be inferred that

our plans are radically wrong, and that all would be changed if we would listen to our new Mentor, and send forth a regiment of raw, untried, and not half-educated young men to carry on a work of singular difficulty? Mr. Caine is disposed to ridicule the sowing and the leavening processes. "A great deal," he says, "is being said by missionaries about unseen influences, leaven, seed-sowing, and what not. For myself, I want crops, and have a right to expect them." Has a right to expect them! From whom? we ask. In what character does he speak?—as a Christian who has faith in God, and who realizes the spiritual character of the work of which he is speaking, or merely as a practical man who agrees that he has a right to look for a return proportioned to his outlay? For ourselves, we must say that if our missionary work was prosecuted on this commercial principle, we should regard disappointment and delay as a necessary consequence. It is a hard material view, itself sufficient to repress the enthusiasm and paralyze the energy of the workers. When writing this sentence, however, Mr. Caine must surely have forgotten what he had elsewhere said, in a passage already referred to, that the "leaven of [he uses the very word] education, of preaching, and of literature has so affected 'the foul mass of corrupt idolatry that weighs down the national life of India' that never was a heathen country so ripe for Christianity." If members of the Universities' Mission or of the Salvation Army are able to reap any harvest from a soil thus prepared, they will be entering into the labours of other men and other societies.

We have no wish to disparage the work of the Salvation Army. If those who have seen their officers in this country have been present at their meetings, and have heard their addresses, can believe that it is by them that the deliverance of India is to be accomplished, we know not which is most surprising—their ignorance of India, or of those who are to be sent out as its teachers. The agency of the Salvation Army is recommended on the ground of its cheapness, and of its peculiar adaptation to the wants of the people. It is cheap because the workers are expected to live

as the natives do, and are expected to beg from the people a considerable proportion of the small cost they involved. The result is extreme suffering for the devoted men and "lasses" who have given themselves to the service, and for whose self-sacrifice there can be nothing but praise. Whether it is necessary to adopt native habits in order to get near the people is itself open to question. It is possible, as an Indian journalist says, to live with the natives, and still to treat them after the customary fashion of certain Anglo-Indian circles as "niggers"; it is possible to live as our missionaries ordinarily live, and to win them by showing to them a true human heart. At all events, such service can only be undertaken at a cost to the individuals which the Church has no right to impose upon them or to to accept from them. Imagine four people trying to subsist on four annas a day. What can the result be but sickness which enfeebles for work, and which already has seriously diminished the number of the agents? Here is a terrible sentence from *The Bombay Guardian*: "A careful examination of the facts brought forward will show that at the rate of deaths, sicknesses, and failures in the past, there will not be one of the fifty just arrived in the Indian missionary-field in two years' time." If it were necessary to argue the question further, we could produce still more facts, but our space is exhausted. We content ourselves with quoting the following remarkable testimony:

Folk at home are sometimes apt to think that a missionary in India has a mighty easy time of it. It may be there are some who have, and I have seen such, but not here. The day we left Agra, Mr. Daniel Jones, the senior Baptist missionary, left for a two months' tour through the villages. He is accompanied by a native, and his home will be a small gipsy van drawn by bullocks. He will not sleep in a bed the whole time, and often will live for days together on the poor bread of the villages. He will preach six or seven times every day in the open air. I have found that missionaries, as a rule, know far more about the real social condition and habits of the people than the run of the civil and military services, most of whom hold very much aloof from the native population. Missionaries, on the other hand, mix freely with all classes, their wives and the ladies who visit the zenanas having a wider knowledge about the home life of the

Hindu and Muhummadan population than any other Europeans. All through India, so far, I have received more real help from missionaries in my efforts to learn something of the Indian people than from any other Englishman with whom I have come in contact. With some honourable exceptions the Anglo-Indian, civil and military, speaks of the native with distrust and contempt, and it is a significant comment on their attitude towards the humbler folk that in most of the hotels I have stayed at notices are put in the rooms begging guests not to ill-treat the servants.

This is from the pen of Mr. W. S. Caine in his book of last year. What greater vindication can our missionaries need?

"THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH." *

FEW books have appeared during the present generation which have met with so favourable a reception at the hands alike of the critics and of the public as has been accorded to Mr. Bryce's great work on the American Commonwealth; and few books have appeared on its own or on any kindred subject which have so well deserved so favourable a reception. Mr. Bryce has many and varied qualifications for the difficult task that he has set himself to accomplish, and that he has, as a matter of fact, actually accomplished with such striking and wonderful success. He is, in the first place, a man of learning and of letters; he is, in the second place, a trained lawyer and a practical politician. With the theory and the working of government he is equally familiar, as every page of his portly volumes bears clear and unmistakable testimony. And herein, in a special degree, lies the secret of the success which he has achieved. In "The American Commonwealth" we have no mere dry bones or skeleton of a constitution, but a graphic and vivid picture of the daily life and habits and institutions of a people. Mr. Bryce sees clearly enough that it is a mistake to attribute all the greatness of the American people to their democratic institutions.

* *The American Commonwealth.* By JAMES BRYCE. In Three Volumes. (Macmillan and Co.)

VOL. I.

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Democratic government (he writes) seems to me, with all due deference to De Toequeville's high authority, a cause not so potent in the moral and social sphere as he deemed it ; and my object has been less to discuss its merits than to paint the institutions and people of America as they are, tracing what is peculiar in them not merely to the sovereignty of the masses, but also to the history and traditions of the race, to its fundamental ideas, to its material environment.

Hence it is that in Mr. Bryce's pages the government of the United States stands before us as a living organism. The component parts of which it is made up are described with a clearness and a fulness that have never been surpassed, but this is not all. By the method of treatment which he has adopted, Mr. Bryce has enabled us to see the political machine, as it were, in motion, to understand the mode in which it works, the forces by which it is driven, and the strength and the weakness of its various parts. For it is to be remembered that, amongst his other good qualities as an author, Mr. Bryce is strictly veracious and impartial. As an indefatigable traveller throughout the course of his busy and crowded life, he has seen many men and cities. Accordingly, we find that he is able to consider, with perfect freedom from bias and from prejudice, the many difficult and knotty problems presented by the civilization and the institutions of the New World. He recognizes the drawbacks as well as the advantages of Democracy ; and, inasmuch as he has no special thesis to maintain and no party or national objects to serve, we have every reason to accept and to be grateful for the general trustworthiness and truthfulness of the picture which he has drawn of the Great Republic of the West. We have no difficulty of any sort or kind in putting implicit faith in Mr. Bryce's assurance, when he tells us that no fact has been either stated or suppressed, and no opinion put forward, with the purpose of serving any English party-doctrine or party-policy, or in any way furnishing arguments for use in any English controversy. Moreover, our author does not merely deal in "glittering generalities." Before we are in a position to form sound opinions about American institutions, it is above all things necessary that we should know the facts,

and it is with the facts that Mr. Bryce has endeavoured to supply us. Aristotle remarked long ago that the first step in investigation is to ask the right questions. Mr. Bryce not only asks the right questions, but furnishes us with the right answers as well. As Mr. Frederic Harrison has most truly said :

No single vice or degeneration of the American polity is at all screened or palliated. A hostile satirist could find matter enough for a dozen philippics in the familiar style of the reactionary prophet of evil. A stalwart believer in democracy will find many a conclusion to deepen his faith and to fire his enthusiasm. Mr. Bryce, it is clear, sees many a compensating force which was unobserved by Sir H. Maine when he wrote on "Popular Government," and Mr. Bryce's knowledge of America vastly exceeds that of Maine. To compare their books on this point is to see all the gulf which separates an acute student of political literature from an experienced observer of political institutions.

Mr. Bryce, then, gives us the leading facts about America in a clear, an intelligible, and an interesting way. The amount of labour he must have spent upon his work is simply prodigious, for it is literally packed with information, and is, from its first page to its last, as full of matter as an egg is full of meat. It is now eighteen years ago since Mr. Bryce first visited America. He then brought home, as he himself has told us, a swarm of bold generalizations :

Half of them were thrown overboard after a second visit in 1881. Of the half that remained, some were dropped into the Atlantic when I returned across it after a third visit in 1883-84 ; and although the two later journeys gave birth to some new views, these views are fewer and more discreetly cautious than their departed sisters of 1870. I can honestly say (he continues) that I shall be far better pleased if readers of a philosophic turn find in the book matter on which they feel they can safely build theories for themselves, than if they take from it theories ready made.

It is time to say something of the divisions and arrangement of Mr. Bryce's work. There are, then, says our author, three main things that one wishes to know about a national commonwealth, viz., its framework and constitu-

tional machinery, the methods by which it is worked, the forces which move it and direct its course. Roughly speaking, we have here an indication of the threefold division of Mr. Bryce's subject. First of all comes the Government in its double character, its powers being partly vested in National or Federal authorities and partly in the States. Next comes a dissertation on the political parties by which the whole machinery, both of National and of State Governments, is worked. These party organizations form, as it were, a second body of political machinery, existing side by side with that of the legally-constituted Government. Thirdly and lastly, come the forces by which the political machine is put in motion, the greatest of these being the force of public opinion. In connection with this part of his subject, Mr. Bryce has written some of the most interesting chapters in his book. These deal, not only with matters strictly political, but also with such subjects as the Bar, the Bench, Wall Street, the Churches, and the Universities.

With regard to the machinery of government, the first thing we have to bear constantly in mind is the dual character of the American constitution. This is admirably illustrated by an interesting little anecdote. A few years ago the American Protestant Episcopal Church was occupied in revising its liturgy. It was thought desirable to introduce a prayer for the whole people, and an eminent New England divine proposed the words, "O Lord, bless our nation." Accepted one afternoon on the spur of the moment, the sentence was brought up next day for reconsideration, when so many objections were raised by the laity to the word "nation," as importing too definite a recognition of national unity, that it was dropped, and instead there were adopted the words, "O Lord, bless these United States." This is only one out of a thousand incidents that might be adduced to illustrate "the most striking and pervading characteristic of the political system of the country, the existence of a double government, a double allegiance, a double patriotism." To us at a distance the States seem entirely secondary and subordinate, while the

Federal Government appears to be all in all. In reality, however, it is not so. The States have over their citizens an authority which is their own, and which has not been delegated to them by the Central Government. They are not the creatures of that Government. They existed before it, and they could exist without it. The Federal constitution, on the other hand, presupposes the State Governments. "It is, so to speak, the complement and crown of the State constitutions, which must be read along with it and into it in order to make it cover the whole field of civil government, as do the constitutions of such countries as France, Belgium, Italy."

The administrative, legislative, and judicial functions for which the Federal constitution provides are as follows:—War and peace and treaties, and foreign relations generally; army and navy; Federal courts of justice; commerce, foreign and domestic; currency; copyright and patents; the post-office; taxation for the foregoing purposes and for the general support of the Government; the protection of citizens against unjust or discriminating legislation by any State. All other legislation and administration is left to the several States, with which the Federal Legislature and the Federal Executive have no right or power to interfere.

The Federal Government consists of the President and his Cabinet on the one hand, and of Congress on the other; Congress being made up of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The special feature of the American system is the separation of the executive and the legislative functions, the President being the executive, and Congress the legislative, authority. One of the best chapters in Mr. Bryce's first volume is that in which he compares and contrasts the American and European systems of government. The leading feature of the English system is the responsibility of the Cabinet to the House of Commons. The popular representatives are, through the agents whom they select, the true government of the country. It follows that the House of Commons is, rightly considered, the seat of both legislative and executive authority. "The legislative and executive functions are interwoven as closely under

this system as under absolute monarchies, such as Imperial Rome or modern Russia." In America the very reverse of this state of things prevails. The President and his ministers do not sit in Congress, and have no power of initiating legislation. Congress, in its turn, is a pure legislature, unable to displace a minister and without any power of choosing the agents by whom its laws are to be carried out. Some 3,500 places, including nearly 600 places under the Treasury, and nearly 2,000 postmasterships, are in the gift of the President. It is related that a friend, meeting Mr. Lincoln one day during the war, observed: "You look anxious, Mr. President; is there bad news from the front?" "No," answered the President, "it isn't the war: it's that postmastership at Brownsville, Ohio."

The second branch of Mr. Bryce's subject is that which concerns the political parties who "run" the machine, organize the elections, and divide the spoils of victory. The number of persons who make a business of politics is much greater in America than in England. Mr. Bryce estimates that the number of persons who constitute the inner circle in English public life is not more than three or four thousand. These include members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons; editors, managers, and chief writers on leading newspapers; expectant candidates for the House of Commons; and persons who, in each constituency, devote most of their time to politics, such as secretaries of political associations, registration agents, and the like. In the United States, on the other hand, there are said to be now about 120,000 Federal offices and an equal number of state and local offices, so that on a very moderate computation we may say that there are about a quarter of a million persons in America whose chief occupation and livelihood lies in politics. The business of organizing and winning elections is incomparably heavier and more complex on the other side of the Atlantic than on this, for the following, amongst other, very good and sufficient reasons. The voters are a larger proportion of the population; the government is more complex (federal, state, and local) and the places filled by election are therefore far more

numerous; elections come at shorter intervals; the machinery of nominating candidates is far more elaborate and intricate, and the methods of fighting elections are far more highly developed. Hence it is that ordinary private citizens do less election work than with us, they being busier than in England, and the professionals existing to do the work for them. An examination of the election list in the city of Cincinnati discloses the following remarkable facts. The list shows a total of seven elections at the polls taking place annually, twenty-one to twenty-six (according to circumstances) taking place biennially, eight taking place triennially, two quadrennially, one quinquennially, one decennially—giving an average in round numbers of twenty-two elections in each year. Now, it is perfectly obvious that it is quite impossible for busy men to follow all the details of these multitudinous elections, and hence arises the necessity for organization and the opportunity of the machine politicians. The extent to which power and authority have passed into the hands of the "rings" and the "bosses" is the scandal and opprobrium of American public life. Mr. Bryce sees all this with perfect clearness, and does not attempt to cloak it or hide it in any way; but he explains how it has all come about, and shows us that serious efforts are being made to produce a better state of things. "A hundred times in writing this book," he says, "have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating: a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors." Even for the boss himself Mr. Bryce has a good word to say. It must not be supposed, he says, that the members of the rings or the great boss himself, are wicked men. They are the offspring of a system. Their morality is that of their surroundings. They see a door open to wealth and power, and they walk in. "The obligations of patriotism or duty to the public are not disregarded by them, for these obligations have never been present to their minds." In the rural districts they are powerless for evil, and it is only in the great cities that they can make their influence felt. In New York city there are over ten thousand persons em-

ployed by the city authorities, all dismissible by their superiors at short notice and without cause assigned, and there are also two thousand five hundred persons employed in the Custom House, Post Office, and other branches of the Federal service, most of whom are similarly dismissible by the proper Federal authorities. Here, then, is a splendid field for the operations of the Bosses and the Rings.

The third and last branch of Mr. Bryce's subject is that which deals with the influence of public opinion on the working of American institutions. It is now nearly seventy years since Sir Robert Peel spoke of "that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion." English statesmen of the present day are in the habit of speaking with greater deference and respect of this mysterious compound than was the custom of former generations. But, if Mr. Bryce is to be believed, public opinion is a still greater force in America than in England: "Towering over Presidents and State governments, over Congress and State legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it." The reason of the omnipotence of public opinion in America is to be found in the leading features and characteristics of the American constitution. That constitution is, before all things, a system of government by checks and balances, and consequently requires the presence of an arbiter to incline the scale in favour of one or other of the balanced authorities whenever a deadlock ensues. Such an arbiter is public opinion, working through the means of popular elections. Congress sits for two years only, and its powers are strictly limited by the constitution. The representatives who sit in Congress are not regarded as wise and strong men who have been chosen to govern, but rather as delegates under specific orders which are renewed at short intervals. As is the case with the Legislature, so is it with the Executive. The President, like Congress, is elected by popular suffrage, and for a limited term of years. In place of the omni-

potence of Parliament we have in America the omnipotence of public opinion.

From this brief sketch of the contents of Mr. Bryce's work it will be seen that he has covered a very large extent of ground. He has not, however, succeeded in covering quite as much ground as he at one time hoped that he would. When his book was begun he tells us that it was intended to contain a study of the more salient social and intellectual phenomena of contemporary America, together with descriptions of the scenery and the aspects of nature and human nature in the West, all of whose States and Territories he has visited. Let us hope that he may yet find time to accomplish his larger design. There are few subjects of more striking and fascinating interest than the Western States of America. "What Europe is to Asia, what England is to the rest of Europe, what America is to England, that the Western States and Territories are to the Atlantic States, the heat and pressure and hurry of life always growing as we follow the path of the sun." But whether Mr. Bryce shall or shall not find an opportunity of accomplishing this larger design, we ought to be grateful to him, and we are grateful to him for what he has already accomplished. He has done what no one, American or foreigner, has done before him, viz., he has surveyed the whole field of American politics and public life, and in doing so has written the best book on the American Commonwealth that has appeared in the English or any other language. That Mr. Bryce should have succeeded so signally in his difficult and arduous task is a matter of infinite credit to himself, and is likewise no small feather in the cap of Oxford and of England.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER was so many-sided a man, and his life was so full of variety and interest, that his biography must have attractions for many classes of readers. There has seldom been a more powerful force in the pulpit; there is no man who for years was more completely identified with all that was noblest and best in the history of his country; rarely do we come across a life more thoroughly used for the good of humanity, and quite as seldom do we meet a more charming and attractive personality. The orator, the politician, the philanthropist, the patriot, is a study, but most interesting of all is the man himself. His freshness, his simplicity, his singleness of aim, his perfect naturalness at all times and under all circumstances, his nobly-developed manhood, give his biography a singular interest altogether apart from the great work which he did. *The Saturday Review* devoted to him one of its spiteful and malignant articles. There could be no more fitting tribute to his nobility and his worth. *The Saturday* would have been untrue to itself had it admired him, or he would certainly have been untrue to himself had he won its admiration. The only marvel is that men who ought to know better will go up and down quoting the utterances of some of these wretched organs of snobbery and fashion as though they had some value in them. You are asked in subdued tones: "Have you seen what *The Times* says of —? or what *The Saturday Review* says?" As though it were of the slightest importance what they said or what they did not say. If we could get the opinion of a worm or an insect as to a man, it would be of about the same worth as that of *The Saturday Review* relative to a high-minded, heroic man such as Henry Ward Beecher was. It is idle for such critics to attempt to measure him, for they have no instrument equal to the task.

In many respects Beecher was unique. Throughout his

* *A Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* By WILLIAM C. BEECHER and Rev. S. SEVILLE, assisted by Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.)

life he was a despiser of Mrs. Grundy, and so laid himself open to much misconstruction and misrepresentation. But with him this characteristic was due, not to a mere love of eccentricity or a pleasure in defying public opinion, but to a genuine simplicity of spirit which never left him. It has been his misfortune to encounter a good deal of criticism. With so strong a man it was impossible it could be otherwise. He was one of those prophetic souls which are in advance of their age, and very often in rebellion against the idols of their time. The prophet's life must be one of struggle. "Woe is me, my mother!" cried Jeremiah, "for thou hast borne me, a man of war from my youth." It was not peculiar to Jeremiah; it was the badge of all his tribe. They cannot walk in the old ruts nor prophesy smooth things in the hope of pleasing. The burden of the Lord is upon them, and they cannot fulfil their commission without exposing themselves to constant attack. So was it with Beecher. He could not learn a truth for himself without seeking to make it known to others. He could not brook the tyranny of opinion without an effort to overthrow it; least of all could he see fellow-beings the victims of wrong without a resolute endeavour to redress it. But all this meant the making of a number of enemies, and enemies who were not always very scrupulous. He was of a singularly loving and genial nature, but there was in him a fund of righteous indignation against wrong and wrong-doers before which the stoutest quailed.

Remembering how Abolitionists were regarded in his early days, and then seeing how constant and how devout was his service in the cause of Abolition, there need be no difficulty in explaining any opposition which he had to encounter. Even amongst ourselves at present there are circles in which an advocate of Disestablishment is regarded with a kind of pious horror, mingled with a holy hate. It matters not what he may be beside; the fact that he is opposed to a State Church is sufficient reason for branding him (to quote Dean Gott's description of the "political Dissenter") as "an enemy both of God and his country." But even the feeling with which the faithful

adherent of the Establishment regards the very name of religious equality cannot adequately represent the passionate hate with which the friends of slavery in America looked upon the men who dared to interfere with their peculiar "domestic institution." Perhaps the nearest approach to it may be found in the sentiment entertained by a number of pious Evangelicals, especially if they be Irish Orangemen, towards Mr. Gladstone. A man who made himself so conspicuous as a champion of the slave could not hope to escape the fury of his oppressors. Then Beecher laid himself equally open to the *odium theologicum*, and had to face the constant attacks of good men, numbers of whom honestly believed that he was betraying the truth. A keen controversialist, a great, popular chief, the leader of many a forlorn hope, and the champion of every unpopular cause, it would have been strange indeed if he had not had to face a hot fire of criticism, often unfair and ungenerous, and sometimes cruel. There are superficial observers who suppose that such attacks fall very lightly upon strong men. There could be no greater mistake. Strong men feel most keenly, and the more they are able to suppress all manifestations of their feeling, the more do they suffer. Beecher was intensely sensitive, but no fear of consequences to himself ever made him turn aside from duty. He was throughout his whole career the same loyal servant of truth and righteousness.

We have no intention of erecting him into a hero, but we do not hesitate to say that, had his career closed before the unhappy episode which clouded his later years, he would (as a veteran in the ministry observed to us recently) have been held up in this light. Unhappily, such an incident leaves its traces behind. To us the accusation is simply and absolutely incredible; but the worst of these malignant slanders is that there are always some to receive and propagate them, and that however great their intrinsic improbability, and whatever opposing evidence be adduced, there will still be some ready with the suggestion that there must be in them a substratum of fact. Especially

must this be so in the case of one whose very services to humanity had made him so many enemies. For, alas! it is impossible to help in righting any wrong without giving offence to the wrong-doer, and the zeal of vindictiveness is sure to be in excess of that of gratitude. The ultimate judgment of America upon Henry Ward Beecher was given in the unparalleled demonstration at his funeral. But his last years lacked that fulness of honour which he had so well merited by his long and illustrious career. Our desire is to call up some points of the earlier time when he was unfolding his extraordinary power, asserting his transcendent greatness in pulpit and on platform, shaking the great edifice of injustice and wickedness by the thunders of his oratory, inspiring young hearts with faith and hope, and making hoary-headed sinners and oppressors tremble under his scathing rebuke.

In looking carefully at Beecher we are struck to see how the "elements were mixed in him." He is generally thought of as a leader of progress, so bold and daring as to be an iconoclast, and to be so for the sake of the work itself. But with all his faith in liberty, his impatience of restraints imposed by habit or tradition, his dauntless courage, and an audacity which sometimes approached to recklessness, he had a singular reverence for the past. Lion-hearted as a hero on the field of conflict, he was reverent as a child in hours of devotion and tender as a woman in seasons of sorrow. What to many will come more as a revelation and a surprise, he had an appreciation of the past such as is attained by few of its slavish worshippers. The story of the Puritan home in which he was trained is beautiful and touching. The impression which it made upon his imagination and heart was never lost, and despite all the hopefulness of his nature and the eagerness with which he hailed every real advance, he seemed at times to look back wistfully at some of the lost influences of earlier days. He was in every sense a man of his generation, but he was large-hearted enough to have full sympathy with the strength and nobility of that which had passed away. Here is a charming passage from his

autobiography in illustration of this. It is interesting as a realistic picture of the past, but it is valuable also because of the quiet reflections which the retrospect seems to inspire in the writer's own mind. The picture of the old New England Sunday in its primitive simplicity, in its strong Puritan discipline, is well worth studying. But we can only quote the closing part :

Imagine a boy of eight years old, round as an apple, hearty and healthy, an hour and a half in church with nothing to do ! We looked at the galleries full of boys and girls, and wished we might go into the galleries. We looked at the ceiling, traced all the cracks back and forth. We looked at the dear old aunties all round the church, fanning themselves with one hand and eating fennel-seed or a bit of dried orange-peel out of the other. We gazed out of the window high above our heads into the clouds, and wished we could only climb up and see the trees and horses and dogs that abounded around the church on Sunday. Gradually these died out, and we dropped asleep. Blessed liberty ! the child's gospel ! All trouble fled away. For a half-hour paradise was gained. But then an unusual thump on the pulpit Bible, and the ring and roar of a voice under full excitement, that went on swelling like a trumpet, and that no one, not the most listless, could hear without catching its excitement, waked us, blushing and confused that we had been asleep in church ! Even on the serene and marble face of mother the faint suggestion of a smile came, as we clutched our hat, supposing the meeting to be over, and then sheepishly dropped it and sank back in dismay. But even Sunday cannot hold out for ever, and meetings have to let out some time ! So at length a universal stir and bustle announced that it was time to go. Up we bolted ! Down we sat as quick as if a million pins were sticking in our foot. The right leg was asleep ! Limping forth into the open air, relief came to our heart. The being out of doors had always an inexpressible charm, and never so much as on Sunday. Away went the waggons ; away went the people. The whole Green swarmed with folks. The long village streets were full of company. In ten minutes all were gone, and the street was given up again to the birds ! Little good did preaching do me until after I was fifteen years old—little good immediately. Yet the whole Sunday the peculiar influence which it exerted on the household, the general sense of awe which it inspired, the very rigour of its difference from other days, and the suspended animation of its sermon-time, served to produce upon the young mind a profound impression. A day that stood out from all others in a hard and gaunt way might, perhaps, be justly criticized. But it left its mark. It did its work upon the imagination, if not upon the reason. It had power in it ; and in estimating moral influence power is an element of the

utmost importance. Will our smooth, cosy, feeble modern Sundays have such a grip on the moral nature? They are far pleasanter. Are they as efficacious? Will they educate the moral nature as much? (pp. 61-2.)

To know a man so thoroughly as to form a correct judgment of him, acquaintance with his early life and the influences under which he was formed is indispensable. Beecher had a father as high-principled, as resolute, and almost as courageous as himself, and he in his day had his own battle to fight for liberty of conscience, which left some of its traces upon his son. The old Presbyterian school in New England of that date was marked by a narrowness and severity which is very hard for us to realize at present, and amongst its members Dr. Lyman Beecher, despite his noble and faithful service for Christ, was counted an arch-heretic. The biography of the father, which is, in fact, hardly less interesting than that of the son, is too little known in this country. As the son of one who was regarded as a leader in the revolt from the traditional orthodoxy of the times, Beecher himself was regarded even at the beginning of his course with distrust, if not with something worse; and as the Oxford Presbytery could not convict him of heresy, even according to their own standard, they set up a new test for the purpose of excluding him. Their demand was that he should give in his distinct adhesion to the old school Presbyterian assembly, and as it was clearly impossible that the son of the leader of the new school could do this, his rejection was a foregone conclusion. It is impossible to go minutely into the story of these early difficulties and trials. But we cannot but think that any one reading it will learn to think more leniently of what may appear to them the wildness and extravagance of some of Beecher's teachings in later years. This sketch of his early experience and its influence is full of infinite pathos and instruction:

Preceding all this, you should recollect that during the three years that I was in the seminary the controversy between the Old and New School Presbyterians ran very high on questions of theology and on

questions of Church authority. I had been stuffed with these things. I had eaten and drunk them. I had chopped and hewed them. I had built up from them every sort of argument. I had had them *ad nauseam*. When I went out into the field I found all the little churches ready to divide, such was the state of feeling throughout the whole West. Going into my work in the midst of that state of affairs, I made up my mind distinctly that, with the help of God, I would never engage in any religious contention. I remember riding through the woods for long, dreary days, and I recollect at one time coming out into an open place where the sun shone down through to the bank of the river, and where I had such a sense of the love of Christ, of the nature of His work on earth, of its beauty and its grandeur, and such a sense of the miserableness of Christian men quarrelling and seeking to build up antagonistic churches—in other words, the kingdom of Christ rose up before my mind with such supreme loveliness and majesty—that I sat in my saddle, I do not know how long (many, many minutes; perhaps half an hour), and there, all alone, in a great forest of Indiana, probably twenty miles from any house, prayed for that kingdom, saying audibly, "I will never be a sectary!" I remember promising Christ that if He would strengthen me and teach me how to work I would all my life long preach for His kingdom and endeavour to love everybody who was doing that work. Not that I could accept other's beliefs, not that I would embrace their theology, not that I would endorse their ecclesiastical organizations; but whatever their instruments might be, if they were sincerely working for the kingdom of Christ, I would never put a strand in their way, and never strike a blow to their harm. By the grace of God I have kept that resolution to this day (pp. 167-8).

Here we must leave this most interesting book for the present. The story of Mr. Beecher's ministry in Brooklyn, and of his noble struggle for negro emancipation, is a wonderful chapter, or perhaps succession of chapters, in itself. But everywhere is to be found the impression left on the mind and heart of the man by the characteristic incident which we have just quoted. An abridged story of his life up to the close of the Civil War told mainly in the language of this volume would be a book of peculiar value and interest to young men.

A STUDY OF DR. DODDRIDGE'S EARLY LIFE.

I.

Just sixty years ago this spring there came forth from the publishing house of Colburn and Bentley, in London, the first instalment of a work in five octavo volumes, which revealed the public and private everyday life of its subject in a way such as had never been done before in the case of any Nonconformist minister. Although the editor, John Doddridge Humphreys, may have so far differed from his great-grandfather as not to be the best qualified litterateur to superintend the publication of such a work, he was the only person able to undertake it, so that we may well accept with gratitude the legacy he has left us. Of course, Mr. Humphreys was more or less severely criticized; and lenient towards his shortcomings as we are disposed to be, one can still partially sympathize with Sylvanus Urban, when that classic oracle took exception to "the jumble of strange phrases" which occur in the preface. If we understand it, the writer was far less Evangelical than his illustrious ancestor, but would not venture the experiment of being too ingenuous. The principal charge which could be preferred against him was similar to what had been brought against Boswell, when, with a boldness which startled the world and established a wholesome precedent, that biographer told all that he knew concerning his hero. The *quidnuncs*, who most enjoy their piquancy, are usually the first to protest against the indiscretion of minute revelations about a great man's private life. They had been so long accustomed to accept laboured descriptions of persons as they never really lived, that the unvarnished story of a distinguished leader's life, showing what he was in the garden, the parlour, and in the houses of his friends, as well as what he looked like in the pulpit or the college lecture-hall, seemed to be giving more than fallen humanity could bear. In reviewing Doddridge's Diary and Correspondence already referred to, *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1829 gave expression to the old prejudice against the breaking of a rule which, in the case of many smaller men,

would not have been judicious. What good service was likely to be rendered by "the promiscuous publication of every letter penned, even by a good man, from his nineteenth to his fiftieth year"? Then "the mature reflection" of Mr. Humphreys was appealed to—"Whether *any man* living would consent to the posthumous publication of his love letters?" The editor had anticipated such objections to his work; and to the present generation, at all events, his prospective reply will be no less genial than satisfactory—"I wish them warmer hearts, and sounder heads."

Among the collection of relics and curiosities left by the late Sir Charles Reed is a drawing of the house in London in which Philip Doddridge was born at Midsummer, 1702, a few weeks after the great hero of the Revolution, in the person of William III., had passed away. Philip was therefore a London citizen by birth—a circumstance which is so far interesting to us, that we picture him as moving about the city streets which had grown up after the Great Fire. He was a boy of eight years of age, when, with the exception of a few decorations, Wren completed St. Paul's; and the child, no doubt, looked with admiration on the church which had been slowly rising into shape since the longest summer day of 1675, when the first stone was laid; and he may occasionally have attended services in the choir, which were commenced in 1697. Even as we look back upon it, and while necessarily unable to realize what may have been some of its characteristics, the old city, as it was in the reign of Queen Anne, is a pre-eminently interesting place. Was it not the Augustan age, when Addison and Steele, and, as representing Nonconformity, Matthew Henry and Defoe were all writing at once such things as would make the days memorable through all time? It was also the golden era of coffee-houses and of clubs, which then existed for the legitimate purpose of promoting social intercourse; but, looked at from the scholastic standpoint, it was perhaps in some respects a pedantic age. At all events, Steele complains in *The Spectator* of too much attention being given to Latin, while English "is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose." An

evidence of the extreme attention that was given to the learned tongues is seen in the fact that a coterie of scholars assembled daily at St. John's Gate to converse in Latin. Some of the leading school-books with which such a scholar as Philip Doddridge would be familiar, were Cocker's Arithmetic, Lilly's Latin Grammar, and Dyche's "Guide to English." He was a ready learner; and having for a master Mr. Stott, a godly divine, who kept a private school, he became tolerably well grounded in the learned languages by when he was ten years of age. Then he went successively to Kingston Grammar School, and to Mr. Wood's school at St. Albans. He was a mere child at school when the twofold calamity overtook him of the death of his father and of the loss of his property through the dishonesty of his guardian. The effect of this catastrophe might have been to have diverted attention to the law when inclination inclined him in a different direction; but as it was providentially ordered, the way was opened for his admission into Mr. Jennings's theological academy at Kilworth.

"I know the heart of an orphan," afterwards remarked Doddridge, in his sermon on the Orphan's Hope, "having been deprived of both my parents at an age in which it might reasonably be supposed a child should be most sensible of such a loss." While bearing this fact well in mind, we see how thoroughly the orphan boy acted out in life, when cast upon the world, the Christian teaching of his father and mother. Having utilized both the picture-tiles of the chimney in her sitting-room, and the copy of Luther's Bible, which her father, John Bauman, had brought with him from Prague, when he left home and wealth for conscience' sake, the lessons of Mrs. Doddridge, more especially, were destined to abide. From the first her son was never captivated by those allurements of the world which damp, if they do not kill, the spiritual life. With truth it may be said of him, that he knew the Lord from childhood, and his growth in grace was such that no one could have suspected its genuineness. There was no adulteration of cant in his profession, nor aught of that precocious presumption which it is possible may occasionally make a juvenile

hypocrite, who has learned from elders a few set religious phrases. Though we would fain hold him up as a striking example for other Christian professors, it is painfully apparent that his great grandson, Humphreys, quite failed to apprehend the true significance of this model of youthful discipleship; and in the early years of George I. there must have been many others among the lad's friends and acquaintances to whom he must have been an enigma. Some may think that they detect tendencies to Pharisaical legalism in the strictness of his early religious life; but it could hardly have been so, or it must soon have disappeared to give place to that faith, both strong and clear, which is necessarily an incentive to good works. When he became a communicant of the church at St. Albans he was under seventeen years of age; but for long before this he had acted as a Christian visitor among the common people. His pastor, Dr. Clark, of St. Albans, is not a very familiar name to this generation, although everybody has heard of his collection of "Scripture Promises." It was Dr. Clark who sent Doddridge, as a student, to Kibworth, and guaranteed sufficient for his support. The two corresponded in quite a familiar way for those more formal times, the Doctor being "Reverend Sir," while the student was addressed as "Dear Phil." Even tender affairs of the heart were alluded to in a suitable way by both writers. Thus Doddridge makes one of his earliest references to Catherine Freeman, the pretty daughter of his farmer landlord, in a letter to Dr. Clark; and when, to the surprise of St. Albans' gossips, the staid divine married for love at a very mature age, he suggestively remarked to his susceptible youthful correspondent, "See the effects of living in the same house with a person one has taken a fancy for; see also what very wise and prudent men sometimes do in matrimonial affairs."

The general impression we form of Doddridge at the age of twenty is, that he was a thoroughly genial young man, but one who fully appreciated the joys of social intercourse. He was in all respects conscientious as a student, however, as may be seen from the rules he drew up for

daily conduct. He was an early riser ; he gave great attention to private prayer and the reading of Scripture ; and was careful not to waste time.

When I am called abroad, let me be desirous of doing good, and receiving good (he says). Let me always have in readiness some subject of contemplation, and endeavour to improve my time with good thoughts as I go along. Let me endeavour to render myself agreeable and useful to all about me by a tender, compassionate, friendly behaviour, avoiding all trifling and impertinent stories, and remembering that imprudence is sin.

When we find him resolving to utilize the works of commentators, it might have been expected that passing mention would have been made to what was then a new addition to standard English theology—the Exposition of Matthew Henry ; but it is hardly to be supposed that such an eager reader was even thus early unacquainted with the chief work of the greatest Christian writer of the eighteenth century. In general, his reading would seem to have been of almost greater breadth than was necessary, for, in addition to such a medley as the Greek and Roman classics, Patrick, Prideaux, Tully, and Burnet, we find him making the discovery that Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" "contain a strange mixture of good sense and extravagance." Dr. Clark at once sent off a caution against the seduction of an author who veiled his scepticism by fine language and brilliant sentiments ; but the system of the college allowed of a latitude in reading which was fraught with serious danger to youths who were not so well grounded in the faith as Doddridge. When the latter in due course became a tutor, he would seem to have adopted Mr. Jennings's methods, and the result was such as Doddridge himself would have sorely lamented. Young men, who needed to be taught the very fundamentals of evangelical theology, were encouraged prematurely to embark upon that unknown sea, called "the greatest freedom of inquiry." The result was naturally disastrous ; for it is in vain that the Bible is held up as "the only genuine standard of faith," if time which ought to be devoted to its study be given to the works

of men to whom Scripture is at the best a very equivocal authority at all.*

The experience of Doddridge while a student at Kibworth reveals the cost of what was then called "University learning" in the days of George I. He seems to have harboured no unkind thoughts towards the weak-minded adventurer who had muddled away the family property, and whose modest ambition prompted him to carry out a scheme which was to have successfully rivalled the monopoly of the New River Company. Even at this distance of time it is painful to think that such a youth, for whom his parents had left a suitable provision, was dependent for an education upon the slow-moving charity of those days; but with what grace did he conform to circumstances. When Dr. Clark collected, with much trouble, what was necessary, Doddridge seems to have experienced honest pride in satisfactorily explaining how the money was expended; and on one of these occasions he adds, "I think myself so much the more obliged to study frugality, lest I should seem to abuse your goodness and the confidence which you have in me." The total sum of expenses for a year seems to us to be ridiculously small, but the difference in the value of money always has to be taken into account. Board, lodging, and tuition in general, cost £17 a year; but the books and clothes, which had also to be provided, brought the total up to something more. A great-coat cost a guinea; a pulpit-gown, £1 14s. 2d. The largest

* Dr. Stanford, in his "Life of Doddridge," looks on the other side of this matter, however:—"If we would be fair to him, we must also reject the old slander that many of his students became Arian or Unitarian owing to his influence. They were only carried away by a mighty tidal wave of opinion, and he was grieved as he saw them go. 'I was last night,' said he on one occasion, 'expounding the First of John in the family, and insisting on the importance of remembering and maintaining the Deity and satisfaction of Christ, when some of our good preaching seniors were pleased to express their contempt of what they heard by laughing and almost making mouths. You will probably guess at the persons, and yet they are those whom some of our wise people would contrive to fix where Mr. Some and Mr. Norris were.'"

amount expended in any half-year was £15 9s. 7d., but this was considered so formidable as to call for very particular explanation. When he had once made a start as a preacher, he soon found his services to be in request away from home; but this exercise became a means of his getting a little extra instead of spending money, especially as farmers in the congregation were disposed to lend their horses.

In one place he brings out very clearly the character of Mr. Jennings as a Divinity Professor :

He does not entirely accord with the system of any particular body of men, but is sometimes a Calvinist, sometimes a Remonstrant, sometimes a Baxterian, and sometimes a Socinian, as *truth* and *evidence* determine him. He always inculcates it upon our attention that the Scriptures are the only standard of orthodoxy, and encourages the utmost freedom of inquiry. He furnishes us with all kinds of authors upon every subject without advising us to skip over the heretical passages for fear of infection.

In those days this was called Catholicism; but it is evident that the students needed some more definite guidance if they were to become competent guides of others.

Much attention was given to the composition of homilies; for though these would extend to 250 pages, the students were expected to give one in turn during each week. These may have represented good exercises in writing, but it is probable that too much was thought of mere rhetoric or flights of grand language. Writing to Dr. Clark of one who was the star of the class in this respect, Doddridge shrewdly suspected that the sentiments were borrowed; and after naming one who was supposed to be the real author of certain passages, he adds what the St. Albans divine no doubt accepted as a merited compliment—"and some of them are fine enough to be yours." It looks like excellent practice for a tutor to set up a congregation of young people, and expect that the students should each give the address in turn. Another rule which many will think to have been an excellent one, did not allow any student to preach until he had been examined by a conclave of ministers. Hence, just before Christmas, 1722, we find that Principal Jennings

was anxious that his most promising pupil should pass this rubicon. It would redound to his advantage to know the country better; riding was bracing to the system; and the congregation at Kibworth, being without a minister, were urgent in the matter of "supplies." Young Doddridge was quite ready to take the certificate which would enable him to go up and down the country proclaiming the gospel; and, in anticipation of what he would have to do, he had already journeyed to Leicester "to take the oaths and subscribe the articles"—a necessary legal qualification for all Nonconformist pulpsters in those discouraging times. The chief lack was a necessary outfit. We suppose a horse might have been borrowed; but, apart from that, we find the poor student confessing to his St. Albans friend—"I have neither great-coat, boots, spurs, nor whip, nor so much as a Bible big enough to hold my notes, and so I am but poorly equipped for an itinerant preacher." While Dr. Clark could write of its being well-nigh impossible to collect what was needed for the support of his *protégé*, wants like these, under such conditions, were by no means trifling drawbacks.

While a student, Doddridge corresponded with a number of ladies, who were, we presume, much older than himself; and no doubt this practice redounded in gain to both sides. One would be addressed as Clio, another as Philomelia, a third, who lived in the then rural and genteel suburb of Bethnal Green, was Mamma; while Catherine Freeman, the idol of his heart at twenty-two, was Clarinda or Theodosia. These high-flown names do not betoken an age of culture, they are rather pedantic than otherwise; and perhaps it is singular that they are characteristic of days when, in ordinary converse, all classes called a spade a spade with an unhesitating outspokenness that would considerably offend our own more sensitive ears.

But young Doddridge's principal female correspondent at this time was his only sister, Mrs. Nettleton, wife of a Nonconformist minister and schoolmaster, whose circumstances were apparently not very affluent. At first this couple lived "near the windmill, Hampstead"; then they are found in

the southern suburbs; and, finally, the husband died at Ongar in 1734. Mrs. Nettleton would send a turnover* as a present; she made his shirts, and gave advice such as showed her to be a devoted Christian woman. "I pray God," she writes (Sept. 18, 1722), "that you may be made a happy instrument of His glory and the good of souls; and as you are not insensible of the weight and importance of the work, and of man's insufficiency in his own strength for the performance of it, so I hope God will keep you humble and watchful, and entirely depending upon His Spirit for assistance; and that when you have been enabled to do any good, you will not be forgetful, but will give Him all the glory." The brother, on the other hand, shows the greatest solicitude for one whom he calls "the dearest friend I have in the world." When ailing he advises milk and brandy as a strengthener, and offers to pay for the latter, the present of half-a-guinea he would sometimes enclose in a letter being intended for such extra expenses. Lady Russell, of Maidwell, was another of his valued correspondents and patrons.

Some revelations we get of the experiences of travellers on the main coach roads are characteristic of the times. Such commonplace adventures as being attacked while on horseback by a ferocious mastiff, or twice escaping being run over while in a chaise by heavy waggons, may be passed by in order to note, that in those days the character of the company one might chance to encounter in a coach had much to do with making a journey chargeable or otherwise. In July, 1722, Doddridge visited his relatives at Hampstead, and gives this account of the return journey:

I got well to Hinkley the day after I left Hampstead. My company was as good as I could have expected. There was, indeed, one violent Tory; but when he knew that I was a Dissenter he had the good manners to drop the discourse. We had a volume of Dryden in the

* "A piece of white linen formerly worn by cavalry over their stocks" ("Imperial Dictionary"). In the reign of George I. also worn by Nonconformist ministers.

coach, and that served to entertain us when conversation began to flag. Our accommodations on the road were tolerable; but the humour of the gentleman I mentioned just now engaged us in some expenses, which I could gladly have spared; but it was no great matter.

About a year later, while journeying along the same road, he fared less pleasantly :

My companions were civil enough, but upon some other accounts not very agreeable. We had two rattling sparks, pretty much given to swearing and drinking, and they called for wine much oftener than there was occasion for, which made the journey rather chargeable. We had a midwife . . . that was not backward to talk a little wantonly as occasion served. . . . There was a girl of about eight years of age, that was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw, who had been complimented into such an excess of pride, affectation, impertinence, and ill-nature, as I never before met with in one so young. She will have a good fortune, for "her mamma keeps a coach"; but the unhappy creature that marries her will certainly be condemned to perfect wretchedness.

G. HOLDEN PIKE.

CANON WESTCOTT ON THE ATONEMENT.*

It will be universally admitted that the death of the Lord Jesus Christ is the central fact in Christianity, and the doctrine in relation to it the crucial point in theology. We have more than once contended in this Review that the limits of Christian comprehension are defined by the apostle's account of the gospel which he preached, "how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and that He was buried; and that He rose again the third day according to the scriptures." If this gospel be accepted and set forth in any true sense, tolerance may very safely be exercised in relation to doctrines which, however closely related to this central truth, are not essential to it. But then, of course, the question at once presents itself as to what is a satisfactory interpretation of this simple state-

* *The Victory of the Cross*. Sermons by Brook Foss WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L. (Macmillan and Co.)

ment of the gospel. It is often said, and very properly said, that it is the fact about which we must be concerned, and nothing could be more satisfactory if we were in perfect agreement as to what the fact is. It certainly must be something more than the death of the great Prophet of Nazareth on the cross—that is, as a malefactor. If, when the apostles went forth to evangelize the world, they had told men only of a teacher mighty in word and deed who had died the death of the felon, they would never have stirred a single city, much less have accomplished a revolution which even their enemies described as turning the world upside down. Amid the ingenious explanations of the Cross which are so rife, it should never be forgotten that here is one test which they must abide if they have any value at all. The gospel which Paul and his brother apostles preached, whatever it was, moved the hearts of men and affected their whole conduct as nothing else has ever done. Marvellous as that effect appears when considered simply in itself, it becomes infinitely more so when we come to a closer study of all its surroundings—the moral atmosphere of the age in which it was accomplished, and the character of the people on whom these great miracles of spiritual healing were wrought. There must have been some adequate cause for such a phenomenon, and we may properly refuse to entertain the consideration of any theory which does not explain the cause. The accompanying fact that He rose again differentiates the death of our Lord from all other deaths, but it only throws the inquiry one step further back, and leaves us still in wonder as to the meaning of this unique and transcendent event.

That question, it is not too much to say, is the question of all times. From the beginning men have been trying to answer it. The story of theology is covered with the wrecks of the various theories which have been propounded, each of which has for a time been held authoritative and then been dismissed in favour of another, itself to give place in its turn to some new speculation of another generation claiming to take an independent view of its own. Remember-

ing how many of the most acute minds the Church has ever produced have expended their thought upon this problem, and have for a time been supposed to have found a satisfactory solution, it would be amusing, were not the subject so infinitely serious, to note the assured confidence with which many talk about it to-day as though with them lay the power of terminating all controversy and determining the exact lines of orthodoxy. Some examples of this kind which have recently come under our notice are as suggestive as they are distressing. One belongs to the past. A nobleman of this assured school was conversing with a friend relative to the late Dr. Guthrie. "Poor Guthrie," he said, "I hope he is safe now within the veil." Those who form such judgments must have strange conceptions of the results of the death of the Lord Jesus. With all their professions, they are doing it but scanty honour when they suppose that the Divine love of which it was the fruit is yet so feeble and limited that it cannot pardon some errors of theory (granting that they are errors) on the part of those who, nevertheless, trust in Christ with their whole heart and give to Him the devotion of their lives. Happily, judgment belongeth unto God.

One great lesson which the history of doctrine teaches is distrust of theory. In the relations between the Divine Spirit and the soul of man there must necessarily be much which cannot be defined by man's thought or expressed in man's language. The region of faith is not only apart, but altogether different from that world of sense in which we move, and is not to be treated as though it were within the domain of science, to be measured with the surveyor's rod or outlined by the draftsman's pencil. There is a path "no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it," and it is vain to expect that even the most practised intelligence will be able so to lay it out that there shall be no deflection from the straight track. In short, there is and indeed must be a certain mystical element in all our beliefs as to the supernatural. We have a belief in the Inspiration of the Bible which is strengthened rather than abated by

the attacks made upon it, but no sooner do we seek to put this idea of Inspiration into definitions than we are conscious that we are dealing with a great spiritual fact far too subtle in its essence to be crystallized into hard scientific language. That does not mean any want of faith in the fact, but simply a discontent with the human explanations of it. The same remark applies to the Incarnation and the Atonement. In both is that great mystery of godliness which we receive in humble faith, although compelled to confess that it passeth knowledge. The difficulty is that so many minds crave for the exact definitions of a creed, and when they do not get them are disposed to attribute the want of them to unbelief. It may be that unbelief does sometimes hide itself in this way, and consequently there is need for cautious discrimination lest the great fact itself should be lost in a haze of mere sentiment. But it is at least equally necessary that those should not be adjudged heretics whose only fault is that they refuse to give the human interpretation of the Divine-word the same authority as the word itself, and are content to bow in reverence before a truth which others are bent on bringing within the compass of their philosophy.

Canon Westcott's striking and inspiring book affords an illustration of this remark. He would be a rash man who undertook to assail the Canon's orthodoxy. It seems to be one of the privileges of Anglican dignitaries that they may propagate opinions which, if they came from Dissenting pulpits, would be branded as rank heresy. If, for example, any daring young Nonconformist had hinted what Dean Stanley taught, he would have been frowned upon by numbers, even among those Nonconformists, who were never tired of praising the generous and large-hearted but certainly somewhat latitudinarian Dean. But Canon Westcott does not need the leniency so habitually extended to his class. He is not more eminent as a biblical scholar than as a devout and spiritually-minded man who is exercising the happiest religious influence in the University of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. Nevertheless, if his book were to come under the criticism of the severer dogmatists, we

doubt whether the verdict would be favourable, or whether, indeed, they might not describe it, by a term more familiar thirty years ago than it is to-day, as Negative Theology. Certainly some of the phrases which have been so worshipped by them that they have almost come to be fetishes are conspicuous by their absence, and one of the most interesting and instructive points in connection with the book is, the view which one who takes a line so largely outside the ordinary theological modes of thought and expression gives of the work of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a passage which, perhaps as much as any other, sums up the preacher's view of the death upon the cross :

He gathers into one supreme sacrifice the bitterness of death, the last penalty of sin, knowing all it means, and bearing it as He knows. We, indeed, can see but little, but we can see this, that He alone, the sinless Son of God, who knew perfectly the will and mind of His Father, could bring to Him the offering of perfect obedience and perfect sorrow. He who made every human power and every human sin His own by the innermost fellowship of spiritual life, could render to God the tribute of absolute service, and bear the consequences of every transgression, as entering into the Divine law of purifying chastisement. We can see but little, but we can recognize in the sufferings of Christ a measure of wrong. The Passion as it was inflicted is a revelation of the overwhelming and unlooked-for crimes which flow, as it were, by a necessary sequence, from the selfish exclusiveness which will only regard narrow interests, and that proud Pharisaism which will not bring to the light of new experience what it holds by tradition. The Passion as it was borne is a revelation of the inexorable sternness of infinite love, which, while it gives to pain a potentiality of cleansing grace, requires to the uttermost that retribution which may become a blessing. We can see but little, but we confess that in the events of this Holy Week, crowning the discipline of a holy life, we have an assurance of Divine love which is adequate for our utmost needs. And more than this ; we can confess that it was not a love which simply displayed itself in some self-chosen form, but a love which used every effort and every pang for the accomplishment of that which could not have been gained otherwise. Christ died, not to show His love by dying, but to give life to the world. "Therefore," He says, "doth the Father love Me, because I lay down my life that I may take it again"—death was in this case not only faithfully borne, but rightly chosen, because in the actual state of men it was the one way through which the Son of Man could bring humanity to life. We can see but little, but we can trace in the Gospels the lesson of

manhood perfectly learnt and perfectly realized, obedience through things suffered. We can trace in outlines of light the movement of a soul to God which uses every temptation and assault of evil as a step in its upward course. We can trace the record of a life lived and of a death endured in unbroken fellowship with the Father, if for one awful moment the sense of that fellowship was withdrawn. We can trace the sure witness, where all understanding may fail, that that life was lived and that death was died for us. *Christ learnt obedience by the things which He suffered, and having been made perfect, He became to all of them that obey Him the author of eternal salvation* (pp. 68-70).

We make no apology for this long extract, because it was necessary to a full exposition of the writer's view. Those who are satisfied with phrases without being very careful to measure their exact theological contents find it easy enough to describe their exact position in a word or two, but more subtle thinkers must necessarily give fuller explanations. Even as it is we feel that, to a thorough understanding of his position, it is necessary that these discourses should be studied in full, and that regard should be had to the Canon's negative as well as to his positive statements. It will be noted that in this careful statement the word substitution does not occur, but surely the whole representation is based upon the idea. To us nothing seems more unfortunate than the way in which the term is bandied about from one side to the other. On the one side we are told that to deny vicarious and substituting sacrifice is to abjure Christianity; while on the other it is just as firmly asserted, and by men whose Christianity is beyond all reasonable suspicion, that substitution is an exploded idea. Surely very much of this is due to misunderstanding. A particular theory of substitution may be rejected without any faltering of loyalty to the gospel; but the idea of substitution itself is distinctly involved even in a statement like that of Canon Westcott's, and certainly cannot be taken out of the clear utterances of Scripture without doing such violence to the language as to take away all certainty from it. Canon Westcott's statement as to certain theories of the Atonement are very useful in this connection.

No support remains for the idea that Christ offered in His sufferings,

sufferings equivalent in amount to the sufferings due from the race of men or from the elect: no support for the idea that He suffered as a substitute for each man or for each believer, discharging individually the penal consequences of their actions. No support for the idea that we have to take account of a legal transaction according to which a penalty once inflicted cannot be required again. The infinite value of Christ's work can no longer be supposed to depend upon this capacity for infinite suffering, or upon the infinite value of each suffering of One who never ceased to be God. Such conceptions have gained currency because they seem to express, however imperfectly, isolated fragments of truth: but they fall immeasurably below the sublime simplicity of the apostle's teaching, who gathers up in one phrase the meaning of Christ's work in contrast with all the types of sacrificial service: *He hath said, Lo, I am come to do Thy will (O God). . . . In which will we have been sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. . . . For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified* (pp. 78-9).

We have here a clear indication of the difference between what may be described as the two schools of thought on the subject, and one which may help to a more righteous judgment of some, especially among young men whose utterances have startled, if they have not shocked, numbers of good and excellent people whose feelings are entitled to consideration. They have revolted from some representations of the gospel which seem to have made the chief element in the work of Christ, His personal suffering rather than His spirit of self-surrender; and in their anxiety to abjure this view and to present what appeared to them a forgotten truth, they have so spoken as to lead many to suppose that they ignore the value of the death as the procuring cause of men's forgiveness. Canon Westcott's sermons, which are all the more valuable in this respect because they are not controversial, may at least serve to show that there is a position which is not open to this charge, and yet is different from that held by an older school of theologians. We do not say it is satisfactory. At all events we should desiderate a setting forth of the gospel more suited to the wants of less cultured minds, and better fitted to meet the cravings of sin-burdened hearts and consciences. But it is one thing to set forth our own ideas of the gospel in

language which best expresses the feelings of our hearts as well as the convictions of our intellects; it is another and very different thing to pass judgment upon the teachings of others, with whom we disagree, but who are giving abundant proofs of their love to Christ and of their desire faithfully to set forth His will. We plead for tolerance in the interests of the Christian faith. Nothing is more likely to shake its influence on the youthful mind of this generation than any attempt to excommunicate men as heretics, simply because of their nonconformity to some theory whose value ordinary men are hardly able to appreciate. Thinkers of this class revolt more and more against anything which narrows the Church to a very limited class, many of whom give no proof of superior goodness either in spirit or in conduct, merely on account of an assumed orthodoxy of opinion. Surely we are not only obeying the dictates of a sound policy, but we are acting also in the spirit of the Master Himself, when we say that the Church should be large enough to comprehend all who from their hearts believe that wondrous message with which Paul awoke the echoes in the synagogue of Antioch in Pisidia, and moved the hearts of the sinners who heard him by a new Gospel: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Forgiveness of sin is impossible to any without the death of Christ; possible to all through that death. Here is surely a basis of comprehension which ought not to offend any by its inclusiveness; nor to repel any who from their hearts accept Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

But tolerance must not be so abused as to become a cloak either for unbelief or for an inadequate or imperfect representation of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The great danger of the times, the signs of which may be found in many quarters, is an inadequate estimate of sin, not only in its essential guilt, but in its corrupting power. "The soul that sinneth it shall die," is not the fulmination of an eternal curse, but the proclamation of an unchanging law expressed elsewhere in the striking sentence, "Evil

men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." It is the failure to grasp this truth, combined with the tendency to treat sin as a mere infirmity, which is the root of unsatisfactory conceptions of the death of Christ.

IMAGINATION IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

SOME fifteen or twenty years have been sufficient to change entirely not only the system of education in England, but its motives and aims. The notion that the child is made for the schoolroom, and therefore destined to be in mind the exact reproduction of the schoolroom's laws and discipline, has in these latter days given place to a nobler—that the schoolroom is made for the child. It never seems to have occurred to our worthy ancestors that the child had any right to an individuality of his own, and that no two children are ever made in the same mould. Fond as they were of mystery, they were ignorant to a very large extent of that most real and infinite mystery of the world—a child's soul; and if it were not so sad, we might smile over the way in which they drew their hard and fast lines between necessary knowledge, under which they included dates, facts, and rules, and prejudicial knowledge, which meant practically reasons, tendencies, theories, or anything that intruded on the realm of the imagination. That their *method*, in so far as it went, was good, cannot be denied; it ensured exactness, conciseness, and thoroughness; but then it never went beyond dry details in knowledge and strictness in outward deportment. The children must fit themselves to the imparted knowledge, not the imparted knowledge to the children; they must be made in a certain shape, and grow in a certain direction, or they were the devil's children, not God's. It has been left to us to begin to understand how infinite is the variety of human nature, and that you can no more command a child to relinquish his groove for yours than you can bid a worm fly like a

bird. It was owing to the despotic authority of their educational principles that their failures were so signal and so numerous. The men who did the best work for the world were men who allowed their natures to develop in their own way, and threw aside the shackles cast around their minds by custom and authority, and, as a rule, they were *not* successful in their university career. Those who had not sufficient energy or originality to resist, sank into the mould prepared for them, and were turned out, when their education was "finished," as perfect specimens of a method of education, as Jesuit pupils are of Jesuitry. Now, our belief in the Divine right of every man to be himself and not the reflection of another has been carried into our schoolrooms, making them more congenial in atmosphere to the growth of the young mind; but still are we too much bound to a dry outline of knowledge, not yet have we acquired the knack of making that knowledge really *living* to our pupils.

The end and aim of a teacher's work should be not so much the putting in of facts, as the drawing out of *life* and the ability to *live*. The children must have the power of ready response to every appeal to mind, eye, ear, and soul, which may come from outside. We must receive every impression from one of our senses, be it a physical or a spiritual sense. Then how important must it be to keep the avenues of these open, accessible at every point. A modern writer has shown that this power of receptivity, and of using what we receive, is life. And is not the difference between man and man this—that one has more or less of life than the other? or, to put it in other words, more or less capacity for wakefulness?

Sleepers there are in plenty, wandering up and down the stairways of the world, even helping in its work; but that work will be no better done after fifty years than after one. Touch their hands in your need of sympathy, and there will be no response; reveal to them your enthusiasm and hope, and there will be no gleam of understanding; try and awaken their interest in anything beyond the mere buttering of their bread for the day, and with what a vacant

stare will they regard you ! If you prick them, they will certainly start ; but pierce a sword to the heart of their next-door neighbour, and they will pass on in cool indifference. Sleepers, sleepers ! know ye not that your nature is infinite as God's, and that these things you touch and handle and depend on for support, are but the hidings of a world of spirit to which, whether you know it or not, you most assuredly belong ?

'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want.

What are we doing to give our children *this life*, this ready response to calls from outside ; this broad, imaginative sympathy stretching to every point, to every need of men ; this capacity for enjoying everything God meant them to enjoy ? How full they are of life to start with, how many are the eager questions they ask, how keen their interest in everything they see and hear ! And, alas ! how soon they settle down into a dull passivity, a sleepy endurance, a meek, half-awake submission to all our clumsy conventional rules and social regulations !

The School Board has done much, very much, for the strengthening of the mental power of England, and for the uplifting of the moral condition of her people ; but dare we answer in the affirmative when we ask, Are the recipients of the School Board teaching being made fitter to live out their life in full natural powers of being, stronger in hope, braver in toilsome strife, gladder in an existence in which mind has risen to claim its rightful place ?

The utter incapacity for any real joyousness, the listless inability and laziness of the poor, is painfully apparent. The fashionable melancholia and cynical hopelessness with which well-fed indolence trifles in its luxurious homes and pleasure-haunts, become a real potent instrument of depression among the manual workers of our large cities. And is it to be wondered at ? What interest have they in life beyond their work—work which, for the most part, demands little skill and no inventive power from the worker, and

without these no work can be noble—unless it is their homes, which are not always the most cheerful places? The products of a most excellent scheme of machinery, they learn to do blindly and mechanically their work, first in the schoolroom and then in the world. Their days, unlighted by beauty, unaided by high thoughts, uncheered by any refining joy, are spent in the workshop, their evenings in the public-house, the penny theatre, and low concert-room; though we may hope, with the People's Palace, that a new life of recreation and brightness may be dawning for the working-people of England.

But given these places of amusement and education, are they prepared to make the best use of them? And we answer, *No*, not till the teaching they receive at school is other than it is, for this teaching leaves untouched—alas! no, that would be better; it utterly destroys—the noblest faculty of man—his imagination. The things the imagination deals with—things of beauty, of harmony, and rhythm, things seen in mystic vision, and only grasped by spiritual touch, are things often considered too fanciful and unpractical for a National Education to have anything to do with; yet it is these, and these alone, that can really help the man to fight nobly and bravely life's battle; it is by these that his soul must be lifted out of its sordid surroundings, the dirt, ugliness, and sin, into a serener and clearer atmosphere.

And I ask you whether, in the decisive crises of your life, when the grey shadows have gathered round, when you have been perplexed as to the course of action, or have had to aid in lifting and carrying another's sorrow, has arithmetic or geography, or the number of useful facts you have learned by heart, helped you? Is it to these you have gone for counsel? Rather it is to those subtler lessons you have learned from skies and trees and clouds; from the teachings of your poets, novelists, and philosophers; from all the harmonious beauty that has crept—consciously or unconsciously—into your eyes and ears, training your mind and heart into sweet and tuneful accord with all that is highest and best. And yet all these are

delightfully unpractical, though not, thank God! utterly impracticable. It may be true that decimal fractions help us in business; but it is undeniably true that imagination is needed as a teacher and guide in *all* the affairs of life. Without it a man is blind and deaf, however splendid his intellectual knowledge; his highest faculties are deadened, his religion dwarfed and crippled, his life a dreary drudgery, his aspirations stifled, his hope dead; nay, his very worship becomes a mere bowing down before a Being of whom he is utterly incapable of forming the least and most inadequate conception. *It is by the imagination that we draw nigh to God Himself.*

At the time when the young mind is most amenable to outside influences, most receptive of outside impressions, it is thrust into a schoolroom with colourless walls, rows of symmetrical desks, and bare, partially transparent windows, and there the child spends the best and largest part of his brightest and most imaginative years. He is subjected to teaching, successful certainly in its process of *cram*, but hopelessly inapt to touch the finer chords of heart and soul. In my personal experience as a young teacher, I can well remember the chilling, depressing effect of one of these bare, unbeautiful schoolrooms, with its dusty maps and small, cheerless windows, until, at last, it became a habit to leave outside any thoughts rising at all to the imagination, and to enter it, armed indeed with my facts, but having voluntarily stripped myself of all that could make those facts really acceptable to my little hearers. To them these ugly external influences must have been more prejudicial, as they are more open to outside impressions.

Are there not many to whom mathematics have become a name, and Latin a dream, who could confess to remembering the exact place of a blister on a shutter, a dent in a desk, a hole in the carpet? What kind of images are being stamped on our children's minds? Are we training this power of imaginative memory, or killing it by the sterile soil from which it tries to put forth its shoots? The fertile, exhaustless imagination of children should be strengthened, not weakened, by manhood's growth; it

should be disciplined for higher duties, not in after-life to deceive the senses, but to lead them to purer issues and clearer knowledge. There is little chance for the development of this imaginative and higher side of man either in our schoolrooms or in the large schoolrooms of the world, where Matter and all that concerns it is ever put first and foremost.

In the absence of imagination a man is necessarily cut off from all real human fellowship, and shut up within his own narrow self-world. Others' joys and sorrows, struggles and difficulties are nothing to him for he cannot *imagine* them. "People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into a river before the roughest man's eyes, he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself, and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measure which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort."*

We sympathize with things in proportion to their nearness to us, because our feeble imaginations, which should be Godlike in strength, cannot reach to the distant. A landslip in the Sandwich Islands, destroying a whole town of living souls, would excite less sympathy than a single case of milk-poisoning in the next street.

Is not the clumsiness in the offering of our best-meant sympathy proof of a painful want of imagination? We cannot understand the feelings of another when they are unlike our own, because we have never been trained to do it. And how truly pitiful it is to see men making the effort to understand! How benevolently they will tear open a brother's wound to see how it is healing! With what well-meant kindness will they offer their ill-chosen, almost insulting, words of comfort! More frequently still they will avoid a friend in distress because "*they don't know what to say!*"

It is into a world dark with its sorrow, maimed by its

* Ruskin's Oxford Lectures.

suffering, that our children are to be sent—a world where not a day, not an hour will pass but some erring or perplexed or troubled soul, will demand their sympathy, and that demand, insomuch as they call themselves the followers of the Christ, they dare not put aside. How are we preparing them for that claim? Are beautiful thoughts, beautiful forms, enlarging and enriching their imagination? Is the power of being thrilled by a tale of noble deed, touched to tears by one of sorrow, a growing power, or is it something they are leaving behind them? Are we giving them the faculty of arithmetical calculation, and robbing them of that which alone draws them near to God and man? If so, I seriously question whether we should not do better to leave them alone, for we are letting our books, systems, and rules, supersede *life* itself. The human soul is greater than all systems, its instincts truer than all rules, its intuitive knowledge higher than all knowledge of the schools, for the Hand of God has written on it truths that the most complete university education can never get beyond.

If, then, we are dependent on the pure and unselfish imagination for ability to draw near our fellows, no less is it necessary to enable us to draw near the Father of men. "No man hath seen God at any time," but we cannot worship that of which we have no idea, no image, however vague and wandering, in our minds, and it is on the purity and loftiness of our imagination that the purity and loftiness of our idea of God depend. A man with soul dark and narrow will have dark and narrow conceptions of the Deity. A bestial, grovelling man, will have a bestial, grovelling religion. A man on fire with beauty and noble thoughts will attribute the best he knows—and it will be a beautiful best—to his God. We grow like what we admire, and the substance of our ideal will depend, no less on what manner of men and women we are, on the clearness of our vision, on the breadth of our thought, on the depth of our love, than on the training that eyes, ears, and heart, have received for the right understanding of the beautiful.

No man, however darkly ignorant, however narrowly selfish, however degraded, but has some *other* whom, perhaps unwittingly, he admires and imitates, were it only for being a harder drinker, a more reckless gambler than himself. And whatever our ideal may be, though our thought may be feeble, our hands trembling, and our purpose blind and wavering, we have an honest desire to attain it, to find its perfect realization in human flesh. We begin by idealizing men, we end by loving them with a large tenderness and pity springing from their very faults. And then, winged by the imagination, our ideal mounts higher than imperfect man, until it reaches Him in whom "there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

The man dead in imagination is not only cut off from the human life about him, but also from the joys and inspiration springing from art. Pictures, music, poetry, striving with sweet subtle influences for mastery over the cold desert of his heart, are powerless to touch him. It is well known that an artist or poet with large and pure imagination, *sees* more in life than the ordinary man who performs creditably his day's work, and eats, sleeps, and walks, as if he was thus fulfilling the whole destiny of man. His eyes are blind to the mysterious beauty of the common things he handles; there are tones in the deep harmony of life which his ear never catches; there are thoughts trembling on many tongues, uttered by many deeds, expressed by many eyes, which his brain is far too dense to grasp. One side—and the better side—of his nature is asleep, in so unbroken a slumber that we might well call it *death*. But what does it matter, provided that his accounts are evenly balanced, his wine-cellar filled, and his morning paper to his hand? What does it matter? He is an excellent citizen, an industrious worker, an estimable man in every way, yet blind, lifeless, and he does not know it. It may be said with truth that when his help is needed, if the need be sufficiently clear to reach his understanding, he will generously give it; that if he cannot comprehend all the æsthetic niceties of Mr. Ruskin, he is yet practical, ready with suggestion,

enterprising in difficulty, unswerving in duty; so is a carp or an eel, and we want men to be something more.

If he be deaf to the undertones of the wonderful life about him, if he be unconscious of there being any mystery or beauty around him at all, at any rate, here, in pictures, music, and poetry, men who *have* heard with their ears, and understood with their hearts, have imaged and expressed it for him, and still he cannot understand! Pitiable as it is, it becomes more pitiable when we think of all he might have been with other training, still more when we consider that the nation is annually spending her millions that such men and women as these, dead in imagination and brilliant in Rule of Three, may be turned out on the world. With one hand we try to open our picture galleries on Sundays to the people; with the other, by the kind of education we give them, we make it totally impossible that they should ever understand them.

Cultivated and used the imagination is a great power; *it is no less a power* when left unused and uncultivated. The imagination is lord over the passions, on the right directing of which depend all the well-being and well-doing of the man. Will you let this force go where it will, allowing it, perhaps, at last, to wreck your children's lives? or will you not rather make of their minds such a lovely, fruitful garden, that there shall be no room for gross weeds or desert places? A man's thoughts rule him, ay, and *are making the lives* of those who will come after him.

It is the lack of higher and better food for the imagination which makes men and women delight in horrors—the evidence and awful consequences of which we have had brought so forcibly before us in the last few months—to be fascinated spectators of bull and cock fights, and to linger with rapture over the details of a story of midnight murder or wholesale assassination. It would be hard to estimate the harm done to the youthful minds of England during one short year by the gross pictures exhibited in every town throughout the country on the public advertisement boards. One shudders at the sight of children, who have no books, no pictures, no fields, to strengthen their

minds in health and purity, studying with absorbed attention these often indecent exhibitions, and one passes on wondering at the long forbearing patience of an enlightened Christian country. Nothing has been more evident in the history of nations than that, as they advanced in "sweetness of manner," in breadth of culture they have ceased to take delight in ghastly horrors, and have demanded from their artists and poets pictures of noble life, and verses of lofty feeling.

It remains for us to suggest a few ways of training the Imagination, and fitting it for the great part it plays in every man's life.

Let us begin by making our schoolrooms as bright and pretty as possible. There is scarcely an uglier or duller place than that where receptive impressionable young minds are being trained for their life's work. A few flowers would brighten the room, bringing an odour of refreshing sweetness from the beautiful world outside; we can speak with experience of their quickening influence on the teacher. Casts of Greek art would train the young eyes to forms of beauty, and familiarize them with antique works. Engravings of good pictures constantly before them must excite and incite their thought, and all the more surely if they can be sometimes changed, so that custom shall not weaken their impression. But, of course, if we are determined to get our education done as cheaply as possible, such suggestions as these will be of little use.

Then it is important that the lessons the child receives should be clear, vivid representations of something which he can carry away in his own mind, and be able to express *in his own words*. Where we can do it, the lessons should be pictorial and bright with colour and life, and, above all, they must be *shaped* into form with the severe outlines of Greek sculpture; afterwards they can be animated by glow of spirit, luxuriance of fancy, and richness of suggestion; but beyond everything else, anything like *vagueness* must be strenuously avoided. It is the *image* of what is in the teacher's mind that the child has to grasp; it is lost altogether if enveloped in mist.

And then let us teach our children to love poetry. Its rhythm and *go* is such a pleasant change after the strain of mental work, that the time spent in saying and learning it is never wasted, although done merely as an exercise. As an incentive to imaginative thought it is invaluable. We need to be judicious in our choice, and the poetry lesson is one that needs a little careful preparation. History with its store of pictures and tales, geography with its wonders of land and sea, offer abundant scope for the imaginative skill of the teacher. We hope the day is not distant when these subjects will be more freely taught in our Board Schools, both to lower as well as upper standards.

Then what are we doing to make our children lovers and students of Nature? Here is the special field of the imagination where the fairest fruits will ripen if we only permit them. Here is to be gained the larger life of extended sympathies and ever-deepening insight through which they will become independent of mere outer aids to living, and learn to possess their own souls in patience and in hope.

The chief mental food for children during hours of recreation should be *fairy* stories. Teach them to read, and then give them the best fairy stories. Nothing could be sweeter or truer in moral tone than Hans Anderson. The children in *our* clumsy hands lose their imagination quite fast enough; let them live in another world of beauty as long as they can.

We have striven briefly to show to how large an extent the Imagination moulds and influences the thought and life; and that it is *not* a mere power of throwing a false haze over reality, and presenting it under different aspects and in more brilliant colours. Rather is it the force which underlies every other; weakened it will cut us off from the source of life, from the tenderest human sympathies, and the deepest of human relations; strengthened it will unite us in a bond not easily severed with all the spirits of the past and the generations of the future.

We have to remember that it is not so much the

number of facts that a man knows which make him of use in this world, but the amount of truth, light, and love, of which his individual life is the revelation and manifestation to other souls struggling out of their bonds of darkness and ignorance to the dawn of that brighter day, when we shall see and know and understand that a spiritual world is near to us, nay, at our very feet, in which men are bound together in a deep spiritual unity. And that day shall surely come when, with large hearts and receptive minds, we learn to enter into the world about us, when, lofty and pure in imagination, we are able to draw nigh to those that were sometime alienated, irreproachable from deadness and dulness of perception, thawing the ice of years with the sunshine of a warm penetrating love. Then as fire kindles fire, life shall kindle life, which shall flow on from soul to soul, from man to man, till the brotherhood of Christ is something more than an empty name.

RUTH BRINDLEY.



THE COLLAPSE OF A GREAT SLANDER.

THE event of the past quarter has been the utter collapse of the whole edifice of calumny and falsehood built up by *The Times* on the alleged letters of Mr. Parnell. To find a parallel to the disgraceful proceedings of that journal and its abettors we must go back to the infamous deeds of Titus Oates. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the enormity of the crime, and the only fear is lest its perpetrators should find a consideration which they have cruelly and persistently refused to others, on the plea that it is a political offence. Possibly, indeed, their own position may now help them to a discrimination to which they have hitherto professed themselves unequal, between political and ordinary offences. Certain it is that had their action been directed towards the advancement of some personal end, not only would the howl of execration have been unanimous, but they would

have been visited with the penalties of law. As it is, they have sinned through the fierceness of political passion, and they are treated with a leniency which would not have been extended to them under other conditions. A large political party feels bound, though in many cases with suppressed murmurings, and in some (like Sir Richard Temple and Mr. Staveley Hill) with emphatic dissent, to become their apologists, if not their defenders. The fear is lest the whole should be treated merely as a piece of political tactics, the result of which, unfortunately for those who adopted it, has been disastrous. If anything were lacking to complete the evil accruing from the whole transaction, it would be supplied by the prevalence of such a view as this. The degradation of political life, which has already gone far enough, would be enormously accelerated if it were once admitted that this shameless attempt at moral assassination might be excused as a legitimate method of political warfare. That the political consequences of the exposure will be serious cannot be doubted. A curious illustration of this was supplied in a speech of the defeated candidate at Barnsley. Though in a minority of 2,450, he was taking credit for a moral victory on the ground that in 1886 the majority was larger by fifty votes—a rate of advance which would promise him success after some forty more elections. He went on to contend that his success would have been greater still but for the collapse of the case against Mr. Parnell. It would be a discredit to the right feeling of Englishmen if this were not felt everywhere. But for ourselves we are more concerned that the offence against public morals should be rightly estimated than we are about political results, which may safely be left to take care of themselves. What is to be feared is that in the eagerness of political strife these more serious aspects of the subject should be overlooked.

It is necessary, therefore, to insist that the fault of *The Times* is not simply that it lent itself to the most wicked and cruel slander of a public man whose only offence was that he was a political opponent, but that it did it without evidence which would have justified it in charging him with

the smallest breach, say of the electoral law. There was no element of mistake or misfortune in its policy. The statements of its own witnesses disclosed a line of conduct as discreditable to their common sense as to their integrity. Let us suppose that the truth had been told in the first instance, and that the positive assurances given on the authority of the leading journal of the genuineness of the letter had been translated into definite statement. What would have been the result? Cool-headed men felt that the letter carried on the face of it intrinsic improbability, not to say impossibility. There are many (some even among the Unionists) who have adhered to this view throughout, and who would hardly have been convinced that so astute a man as Mr. Parnell could have so madly committed himself, except by his own acknowledgment or by direct evidence which made further doubt impossible. But numbers were staggered by the confident declarations of *The Times*, especially when they were confirmed by the decided utterances of one occupying the responsible position of Attorney-General. Had they been told at first that *The Times* had no knowledge as to whence the letters came, and that it rested entirely on the testimony of an expert as to the handwriting, would it not at once have been laughed out of court? Yet, so far as appears, this was the sole foundation of the confident assertions of Sir Richard Webster in his speech in the O'Donnell case, and the only ground on which this costly Commission, with all its attendant difficulties and troubles, was appointed.

The action taken by the Government after consultation with Mr. Walter and his counsel is now perfectly intelligible. It seemed strange at the time that the question as to the genuineness of the letters could not be determined without a roving inquiry into all the sayings and doings of Irish Nationalists since 1879. But the reason is evident now. The first day's proceedings would have shown that the Commission was a mockery, had it dealt only with the one subject which led to its appointment. At that time Pigott himself was not even known to the conductors of *The Times* case. Whether when they made his

acquaintance they felt that their position was strengthened is a secret which must remain locked up in their own bosoms. Assuredly, if they did, they are not as other men. Plausible as he showed himself, it required but little intercourse with him to show any sensible man, not dominated by personal feeling or political passion, that a case which rested on his evidence was built on a foundation of sand. Yet with an infatuation that would have been pronounced incredible had it been found in a work of fiction, *The Times* staked its own reputation, the character of the Government, and, to a large extent, that Union to which it professes to be so devoted, on the word of a man whose evidence would not have been accepted by any impartial person as sufficient to hang a dog. We have left out of account the deadly nature of the wound thus aimed at Mr. Parnell, for that never troubled the accomplices in this nefarious transaction. Mr. Parnell is an Irishman, is the trusted leader of the nation, is the most formidable opponent that English misrule has ever had to encounter—why consider him? Mr. Houston, the intermediary between Pigott and *The Times*, candidly admitted in the course of his examination, that he did not regard him as entitled to any consideration, and had therefore destroyed documents which might have been needed for his vindication. *Ex uno disce omnes*. The Inquisition held that no terms were to be kept with heretics. *The Times* has put Irish Nationalists in the same category, and has acted accordingly.

If anything had been necessary to deepen the shade of its guilt, it is to be found in its conduct since the collapse of the wretched man who was at once its victim and its betrayer. It did not withdraw from circulation its slanderous pamphlet which has scattered its falsehoods far and wide over the country until it was positively compelled to do so, and even now it is doubted whether the withdrawal is complete; the apology which it offered for the atrocious wrong it had done was of the meanest and shabbiest kind; and instead of any signs of contrition, its one attempt has been to bear down the popular indignation by sheer effrontery and impudence:

Lord Derby (it says in a leader of March 13th) exposed in a few unanswerable sentences the absurdity and hollowness of the effort now being assiduously made to treat a personal incident as a conclusive argument for upsetting the constitution and destroying the unity of the British Empire. "What bearing," he asks, "has this personal question [of the letters] affecting Mr. Parnell on a problem of which the solution will concern Ireland for generations after Mr. Parnell and his friends have gone where all the celebrities of a moment go?"

The question is worthy of Lord Derby. He is not only without sentiment, but he is utterly incapable of comprehending its nature or measuring its force. But there is a lack of his ordinary common sense in this view of the result. Logically, no doubt, he is right, but the man who supposes that the collapse of *The Times* case will leave the Home Rule question where it was is the dupe of his own prejudices or desires. The reply to the remarks which *The Times* pronounces unanswerable is so obvious that a child cannot well miss it. The Tory party following the lead of Printing House Square have made everything turn upon these notorious letters, and the indictment of which they were so prominent a feature. There has not been an election during the last two years in which they have not been made to do service; there has hardly been a Tory meeting at which they have not been aired; even members of the Government have not hesitated to adduce these sins of Mr. Parnell as reasons for denying to Ireland the right of self-government. We have ourselves more than once maintained that these voluntary defenders of the Union were sacrificing their own cause by arguing the question on these personal grounds. It is absurd now to complain after Lord Derby's fashion, and it will be as futile as it is absurd. It was a daring and an evil game which they played, but now that it has gone against them they cannot escape the penalty. If the interests of the Union suffer unduly, on them must the responsibility rest.

But the impudence of *The Times* in this reference to a personal incident approaches the sublime. Perhaps it will be kind enough to explain the reason of its envenomed and persistent attack on Mr. Parnell, supposing it to

be purely personal. Grant its own view of the transaction, and it assumes a degree of wickedness which is absolutely diabolical. The only plea that can be urged in extenuation of its conduct is that it was carried away by a tempest of feeling which at least had a flavour and colouring of patriotism. Mr. Parnell was to it the representative of all that it most hates, and to attack him was only to strike a blow for great national interests supposed to be imperilled by his action. That does not excuse its wickedness or explain its folly, but it gives it a somewhat more respectable character. But it is swept away when the affair is described as only a personal incident. This means that simply for the sake of damaging Mr. Parnell *The Times* has lent the weight of its world-wide circulation to the diffusion of a multitude of lies, into the evidence for which it had not condescended to make a solitary inquiry. It is not even just to itself in setting up so transparent a protest. Bad as we believe its policy to be, we do not believe that it intended to damage Mr. Parnell for his own sake, or that it would have been guilty of this crime against truth and justice if it had not hoped to inflict serious injury upon the Nationalist cause. In this it has miserably failed, and it cannot escape from the terrible recoil of public sentiment by the impudent assertion that it was only a "personal incident."

A more serious matter is the attitude of the Unionist party generally to this slander. Already one or two of the nobler-minded Conservatives have shown their disgust with a mode of warfare so contrary to all the best traditions of political life in this country. But the speech of Lord Salisbury at Watford, and the subsequent action of his followers who have taken the cue from him, leads us to fear that they will be but a small minority. It is certainly not in the interests of Toryism that it should be identified with conduct which, except in connection with politics, would be repudiated by every honourable man in the country. It would no doubt be humiliating for a great political party to confess so grievous a mistake, but it would be infinitely better than persistence in it, or any endeavour to minimize

it now that its true character has been exposed. The time for true repentance is not yet over, though it is passing rapidly away. Many reasons may explain, though they cannot altogether justify the delay in making that full acknowledgment to the victim of Orange slander which is demanded by every consideration of chivalry and honour. But it cannot be postponed much longer without injury to the character of the party which even by silence accepts any share of responsibility for this shameless crime.

If we were looking to party interests only, we should not be so anxious as to the action of the Tory party. It could not adopt a more suicidal policy than to keep up this personal struggle to the bitter end. It has committed a grievous fault, and grievously it will have to answer it, but the penalty may be to some extent mitigated if full and honourable confession be made. There could be no better thing for Liberalism than that its opponents should go to the country with all the evil of this *Times* episode upon their head. But there are more important considerations than a party triumph. We are more concerned for the tone of political life than for the immediate victory of the cause to which we are attached. The one is the incident of the hour, the other has an abiding influence upon the life of the nation. The "rough and tumble" of our political struggles already involves much that is annoying and painful, but if, in addition to all, there is to be the introduction of such personal slanders as those which have embittered this Home Rule discussion, the result must inevitably be that men of finer taste and higher principle will withdraw, in disgust, from so unpleasant an arena, and that politics will tend more and more to become a game, at which honest men cannot and will not play. We hear enough at times of the faults of America, from political Pharisees, who wipe their lips and thank God that they are not as those miserable Republicans. But it would not be easy to find in American politics an episode more disgraceful than the story, not only of Pigott, but of Coffey, of Molloy, of Le Caron, and the whole discreditable crew, who have been picked up in the gutter, searched out in

convict cells, or dragged out of the secrecy of a service of spies, in the hope that they might strangle the liberties of a nation by ruining the character of its leaders. If the Tory party feel that they are hopelessly committed to the approval and defence of *The Times* and its Ministerial abettors, it will be evil for themselves, but unfortunately, it will be even worse for the political life of the nation.

The proceedings, altogether, are of evil omen, and not the less so because many worthy men are so possessed with the idea that they are saving the nation from some terrible danger, that they refuse to exercise an independent judgment on the acts of the Government. Now and then we meet even with Nonconformists who seem suddenly to have stifled all that aversion to the Tory party which has ever been characteristic of their class, and to have awakened to a perception of the virtues of Lord Salisbury and his nephew. So intense is their feeling against Home Rule, and so completely does this one subject fill the whole political horizon that they seem to feel themselves bound to champion the Tory Ministry and all its deeds. Instead of being, as might have been hoped, a moderating influence in the Unionist councils, they really show themselves the most uncompromising of partisans. It might have been hoped that men educated in all the traditions of Liberalism would have felt that even the Union might be saved at too heavy a cost, and that it certainly would be so if for the sake of it we sacrificed the liberty of England. Hitherto, however, there has been no faltering. Whatever a Tory Ministry, bent on "resolute government," has done has been pronounced right, but surely there must be a point beyond which this compliance cannot go, and it was scarcely unreasonable to suppose that that point had now been reached. At all events, if Nonconformists and even Nonconformist ministers are content to justify the Government in placing its resources at the disposal of *The Times*, in lending resident magistrates and members of the Irish Constabulary to be its agents, in allowing its emissaries access to the cells of convicts in the hope of persuading them to give evidence, and in furnishing its most private

documents to the assailants of its political opponents, we can only say, alas! for the future of political life in this country.

We have heard so much about the morality of the Unionist party that they would seem to have constituted themselves expositors and guardians of the Ten Commandments. The ninth commandment is surely one of them, and as surely it has been broken in the case of Mr. Parnell. A deliberate attack was directed against his character. The first letter might have been treated as a display of moral cowardice, and it was possibly because it admitted of that less shameful interpretation that, after a time, the second—the “make it hot for old Forster and Co.”—was produced. If it was genuine, Mr. Parnell was an instigator of assassination. That charge was publicly made, was set forth with all the authority *The Times* could give it, was endorsed by the Attorney-General, and yet there was not a scintilla of evidence to support it. What we have to ask is—is such conduct a breach of the ninth commandment or not? We are told, on high authority, that the “Plan of Campaign is simple and absolute immorality.” The assertion is a very strong one, and a cross-examination on it would be interesting, and might be instructive. Illegal it is, but immoral—essentially and absolutely immoral—Why? But let us grant that it does mean an infraction of the eighth commandment. We regard it as a fallacy, but let it pass. Has the eighth more authority than any other in the second table of the Law, or than the ninth in particular? Shakspeare may help us here.

He that steals my purse steals trash ;
But he that filches my good name steals that
Which not enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed.

After all, which is the greater wrong, to take from that interesting specimen of the Irish aristocracy, Lord Clanricarde, some of the sovereigns he would extract from the miserable peasantry of his estate, or to smirch with foulest imputations the fair name of one who, though he be an Irish agitator, is still a man and a brother? There is too

much tendency in some quarters, and even in some courts of law, to treat offences against persons as subordinate to those against property; but high-minded men should be exempt from any such disposition, and in their eyes nothing can be more odious than the attempt to blight a public man's reputation by accusations which had they been true ought not only to have excluded him from Parliament, but to have thrust him into a felon's cell. Surely while condemning the immorality of the Plan of Campaign a word might have been spared for the "forgeries and perjuries."

We do not insist on what we consider the cruel wrong which it was sought to perpetrate upon a nation—not because we do not feel it, but because it is not likely to impress those who would have turned away from such a slander with contempt and disgust but for its political bearing. What we insist upon is the injury to the man who for nearly two years has lain under this opprobrium. Mr. Chamberlain indeed thinks that Mr. Parnell and his friends ought to be extremely grateful to the Government for giving them an opportunity of proving their innocence. Gratitude for small mercies may possibly be a virtue, but gratitude which regards scorpion stings as blessings and thanks those by whom they are inflicted would go beyond the extreme of folly. The story of the discussion which preceded the appointment of the Commission has not yet become ancient history and passed out of the memory of man. As we recall it we can only wonder at the cool audacity of any man who can talk about the debt which Mr. Parnell owes to the Ministry. Few more unworthy and, as Mr. John Morley believes, unconstitutional proceedings than the appointment of the Commission are to be found in our political annals, and the light subsequently thrown upon it makes the transaction more discreditable. So we have no doubt it will be pronounced as soon as the heat of the moment has subsided.

The position accorded to *The Times* was unconstitutional in its character and dangerous in its whole tendencies. It has been cleverly maintained that in granting the Commission the Government acceded to the wishes of

Mr. Parnell, and that the only difference between the two proposals was that the one enlarged the scope of the inquiry. Nothing could look more specious or well be more fallacious. Mr. Parnell's friends appealed to a Select Committee of the House as a proper tribunal to decide a question affecting the honour of one of its members. The Ministry proposed a Commission of Judges, and converted the inquiry into an examination of all the charges advanced in "Parnellism and Crime." It was not the extent only, but the character of the investigation also which was changed. Practically the gravest question of policy was referred to three judges, appointed by a Ministry who, instead of maintaining a neutral attitude, have made themselves parties to the suit. Mr. Parnell has come out victorious because he was innocent, but instead of facilitating the proof of his innocence the action of the Ministry has thrown all possible obstacles in his way. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to judge of the real significance of events which are passing around us. Let us hope that the evil auguries of such high-handed conduct on the part of a Parliamentary majority may not be fulfilled. But the fact is there not the less. The Tory party, assisted by the old Whigs and some recreant Radicals, have established a precedent the peril of which cannot be exaggerated. If the weapon they have forged be hereafter turned against themselves they will have no just ground of complaint.

Surely all who wish to maintain and raise the moral tone of politics should unite to condemn the base and unworthy attack on individual reputation which, among other bad results, has diverted public attention from the real question at issue. Of all the opponents of Home Rule this was to have been most expected from Lord Hartington. He is continually held up as a pattern of honour and chivalry. Are Irishmen to be exempted from their action? With a singular want of fairness he complains of his opponents that instead of discussing Home Rule they give prominence to these personal controversies. Who raised these controversies? Not a protest was uttered so long as Mr. Parnell could be injured, and through him the Irish cause

discredited. His innocence has come out triumphantly, and now Lord Hartington without making the *amende honourable* reproaches those who defend an injured man.

P.S.—The above was written before the Parliamentary discussion of the conduct of the Attorney-General. The speech of the head of the English bar in defence of his own conduct and the manner of its reception by the Tory party in general, and, what is still more extraordinary, by certain Liberal lawyers, pledged up to the hilt to their party and its Home Rule policy, have given an entirely different complexion to the whole transaction. It is now clear that the Tory party, though they dare not endorse Pigott's forgeries, and though not one of them rose to answer Mr. Parnell's simple and manly challenge—even the audacity of that distinguished Christian gentleman, Sir Robert Fowler, not reaching to this point—still they are unwilling to abandon their disgraceful charges. To partizans so vehement and violent, not a word of argument can be addressed. Lord Randolph Churchill showed his disapproval by refusing to vote with the Government, and some other Tories must have adopted a similar course. But what is to be said of the Liberal lawyers who failed their party at such a crisis. We are told that professional etiquette caused them to abstain from voting what would practically have been a censure on the leader of the bar. If this argument means anything it means that a political career is impossible for lawyers. They are in Parliament as representatives of the constituencies by whom they are elected, and on their own showing there has arisen a question—and of course similar questions may arise in the future—in which lawyers are neither to consider their obligations to their constituents, nor the demands of public policy, but are to put some real or imaginary point of professional etiquette above both the one and the other. It was hardly necessary for them to intensify in this manner the prejudice that already exists in the constituencies against the adoption of lawyers as candidates. Unsophisticated men who think more of the ordinary laws of truth than of etiquette

of any kind will very naturally ask for some clear definition as to what the law of honour as received at the bar sanctions and what it condemns. The Attorney-General put into the witness-box a man whose testimony on his own showing was worse than worthless—a perjurer who was conscious that cross-examination would expose all his wickedness. Some of the strong statements made by Sir Richard Webster, not only in the trial of O'Donnell *v.* Walter, but in the House of Commons in the discussions on the Committee, were no doubt prior to the discovery of Pigott's character, and they may be justified on the plea that they were in the brief of the great counsel. But this cannot apply to some of the later statements. Are we to understand that such acts as these are sanctioned by the practice of the bar? It should be sufficient, indeed, for the Liberal lawyers, who were so tender about their votes, that they have won the approval of *The Times* and the tacit censure of the Lord Chief Justice. It is fortunate for the profession itself that there is one man holding a position as distinguished as that of the Lord Chief Justice who does not take this narrow view of the duties of barristers who are also legislators. The incident is especially to be regretted as indicating the failure, even among Liberal politicians, to appreciate the gravity of the subject, and the seriousness of the wrong done to Mr. Parnell. There is a cry or rather a howl of injured innocence from the friends of the Attorney-General. Even *The Times*, with all its offences on its head, has the effrontery to complain. After holding up Mr. Parnell to the whole world as the companion of assassins, if not also their accomplice, it is horrified that men should criticize its leading counsel, although every attempt he makes at self-defence only involves him more deeply. His mistake as to the communication of Pigott's letter to Sir C. Russell was the worst of all. It was the telling point of his defence, and it is now confessed to have been an error. It will take more than his pleadings, however, to prevent the English people from taking the true view of one of the most shameful episodes in our political history.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE cordial welcome given to the Secretary of the Union and his*colleague, Mr. Henry Lee, on their return from Australia was no more than they had well earned by the noble service they have done. Such visits of representatives from our English Churches to their colonial kindred have a significance and a value far beyond what is generally understood. Two extremely suggestive observations, one from Dr. Dale and the other from Dr. Hannay, may help us better to appreciate the necessity for a constant interchange of thought between us and our brethren in the Greater Britain of the Antipodes. Dr. Dale says (*Contemporary Review*, February, 1889): "There are large numbers of Australians—some of them not *Episcopalians*—who think it seemly that at home religion should 'lift up her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments.' The bishop, the dean, and the country rector—all holding their places in the ancient organization of the State—seem to them necessary elements in English life; and to disestablish the English Church would impair the stateliness and beauty of the pleasant pageant of which they dream whenever they think of 'home.'" Put into plain English, these Australians, some of them possibly being Congregationalists, would leave us to bear a burden which they would not endure for an hour themselves. Dr. Hannay told the meeting at the Memorial Hall (and the one fact may help to explain the other), that he seldom found any English daily paper except *The Times*. Certainly nothing is more likely to keep them out of sympathy with their brethren in this country, as was sufficiently shown in the groans which greeted the mention of that journal, which has assailed in turn every popular movement, and whose last state is worse than its first. The deputations of last year, and of this, and the visit of our honoured friend Dr. Maclaren to the Baptist Churches, have, we are assured, secured more perfect accord between the Churches of the mother country and her great colonies. It was a pity, it was more than a pity, that Dr. Hannay should have felt himself compelled to occupy so

much of his speech with a reply to the statements of amateur reporters, which had acquired an undue importance in consequence of the prominence given to them by *The British Weekly*. The necessity ought not to have been laid upon him, but considering that the journal had addressed a circular to all Association secretaries, asking their views as to Dr. Hannay's statements, he could not be silent. He was reported to have said that the old doctrine of eternal torment was dead, the doctrine of conditional immortality stationary, and that the younger ministers had for the most part accepted the "larger hope." What he did say was that the old doctrine of eternal and physical torment was dead, that part of the area which it used to cover was now occupied by the theory of conditional immortality and that of the "larger hope," the latter being held chiefly by young ministers, but that outside both was a large section of non-dogmatic opinion. The incident should be a warning to journalists whose enterprising spirit is apt to make them forgetful of other considerations. All his friends (and who are not his friends) were delighted to see our beloved and honoured Secretary back in such fine form. He has been greatly missed, and we shall all rejoice to see him and Mr. Lee in their places in the Assembly in May.

We can heartily congratulate Mr. Evan Spicer on his election as Alderman of the London County Council. We are not, indeed, enamoured of the office, and we should have liked it still less if the preposterous suggestion of *The Pall Mall Gazette* had been carried out, and the majority had selected some of those elected by the constituencies in order to give the defeated party an opportunity of repairing their losses. The distinction between different members of the Council appears invidious, and the principle of co-optation essentially unsound. But we could not see why the Liberals, having resisted it to the utmost and been defeated, should put themselves under a self-denying ordinance by which they deprived themselves of any incidental advantage it might bring. Then there are Aldermen and Aldermen, even as there are D.D's. and D.D's., and Mr. Evan

Spicer had fairly earned the distinction by his valuable public services. The work he has done in South London is not fully understood by outsiders. We owe three great Polytechnic institutes, and are on a fair way to a fourth, as the result of his keen sagacity, his untiring energy, his indefatigable labours. He has a faith which makes him at once both sanguine and encouraging, a genial and sympathetic spirit which gives him a broad humanity, and a sincere Christian principle which fills him with earnest desire to do good to all men as he has opportunity, and indeed to make the opportunity that he may do it. While Nonconformity trains such men, it need not fear to meet its enemies in the gates.

The prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln is in itself one of the most striking incidents in the ecclesiastical struggle of the times, and, if we are to give any weight to the strong statements on both sides, its consequences are likely to be of the gravest character. But we have heard so often the talk about the peril with which the Establishment would be menaced by a judicial decision against either of the contending parties, that the renewal of it does not produce any strong impression. To those outside it has often been a matter of surprise how the disruption so often threatened has been so long postponed; but, as it has been delayed so long, there is no manifest reason why it should come now. It is possible, of course, that the Bishop might be condemned and ordered to desist from the obnoxious practices, and that would doubtless be a matter of very grave import. The passionate utterances of some High Churchmen, too, would lead us to regard it as quite possible, but, with the history of former ecclesiastical suits before us, it is difficult to suppose that the Court now will not be able to emulate the skill of its predecessors and find some way of escape, even from the Caudine forks in which at present it seems confined. Nothing could well be more unprofitable than to speculate on a future in which are so many elements of uncertainty, but if there are any over-sanguine friends of Disestablishment who expect that we are on the eve of some

great ecclesiastical movement which will hasten the consummation they desire, they will be wise to moderate their expectations. As we write, the question of jurisdiction has not been settled, and, even if that be decided in favour of the prosecution, there would still be a long way to travel before a final judgment was reached.

What is most suggestive at present is the kind of discussion which is going on within the Establishment. To the uninitiated it would seem that the one point to be considered was the legality of the Bishop's action, but this seems to be the very last which concerns some of his champions or of the opponents of the prosecution, among whom are many not in sympathy with him. They insist on some real or supposed concordat based upon the death-bed utterances of the late Primate; they urge the imminent danger to the Church, especially in its relations to the State, of any action which would prevent the continuance of either of the opposing parties in the Establishment; they dwell upon the high character of the Bishop, and the cruelty of dragging him before a tribunal at all. In this latter plea they take ground familiar to all of us, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, in ecclesiastical disputes. They forget altogether what is due to the people, and insist solely on the right of the clergy to independence. The other pleas are purely Erastian, and mean that the Establishment must be preserved at whatever cost, even though it be the stifling of conscience on the part of those who hold decided opinions on either side. The most curious feature in their contention, however, is that the law must be shaped to meet the convenience of those who enjoy special immunities and privileges, a national sanction, large endowments, and a distinct status, on the distinct condition of their conformity to the law. Lord Addington in his recent letter is stirred to righteous indignation by the mere hint of religious equality. He says: "Liberationists demand that Parliament shall by special legislation cancel any distinction between ordained and unordained ministers of religion."

Of course they ask nothing so monstrously absurd. They simply require that, whether ordained or unordained, whether ordained by bishops or presbyters, they shall have the same status in the eye of the law. It is this which shocks the excellent Church defender: "The audacity and futility of this proposal are alike remarkable, but it illustrates the violence with which this figment of religious equality—i.e., equality of religions—can be pursued by enthusiasts." This distinction is created by law, and law only. Surely the least that can be demanded from those who enjoy it, and by whom it is so jealously guarded, is that they shall obey the law which has so distinguished and favoured them. But that is the very point which numbers seem to regard as a hardship. Their position, weak at all times, is specially so when the one principle of the political party to which the majority of them belong is that whatever be the law, it must be maintained. The case of the Irish peasant is so far different from that of the Ritualist bishop or clergyman in that he owes little or nothing to the law except that ordinary protection which every citizen enjoys; whereas the other is the favourite of the State—we might say the spoiled favourite, since it is the patronage of the State which has encouraged that self-willed and arrogant temper which now lusteth to disobedience. Here is the argument put forth by a correspondent of *The Times*:

The rigorous enforcement of the law is not always the best wisdom of statesmanship. It is sometimes necessary to consider what will probably be the consequences of enforcing it. No doubt, if "Laicus" takes his stand upon the letter of the law and argues that it must be always and everywhere obeyed, his position is logically impregnable; but, I am afraid, he would imperil the existence of the Church of England. The Churchmen in whose name I ventured to write, finding themselves placed in the difficult position of being obliged either to tolerate a ritual of which they disapprove or to try to put it down by a series of actions at law, are led to determine their conduct in the light of the question, What is the policy which will best serve the interests of the Church, regarded as an instrument of human good? It is confessedly an evil that a certain number of parochial clergymen, not distinguished, I fear, by too much common sense, should be enabled to disturb the peace of their congregations by vagaries of doctrine or ritual. But it would be a greater evil that the Church, being disinte-

grated by the strife of rival parties, should be prevented from doing, as a comprehensive body, the sacred work which was never more urgently needed and never, perhaps, more efficiently performed than in the present day. And, if so, it is better, amid the controversies of the time, to trust to the force of argument and example than to appeal to the courts of law.

It is hardly necessary to point out how *mutatis nominibus* this might apply with tenfold effect to the case of Irish Nationalists. Why should Mr. O'Brien be in prison for breaking a law of yesterday, passed in defiance of the strenuous opposition and emphatic protest of himself and the party to which he belongs, while the Bishop of Lincoln is allowed to retain rank and emolument, although he sets at nought the law which he has solemnly pledged himself to maintain and which secures him in the dignity which he at present enjoys? But waiving this, mark the peculiar feature of the reasoning. There is some "policy" by which, in the writer's opinion, the Church may best serve the nation as an instrument for good. It might be supposed that in a Christian community this must be, before everything, a policy of truth and righteousness—a policy which should be perfectly open and transparent—and in order to this the Church must surely speak with some certain sound. But no! it is to be a Church with two or more voices, and that on subjects affecting the very essence of the faith on which it professes to enforce absolute uniformity. Of course the Church might have taught that the points at issue are matters of indifference, but this is precisely what it has not done. The assumption by both parties is that the law is decisive in their favour, and it is on this view that the writer with whom we are dealing proceeds. He seems to think that the Bishop's party are acting contrary to law, but he argues that disobedience to the law should be tolerated, and justifies his contention on the ground that the Church will thus be better able to do her sacred work. What a melancholy manifestation of utter faithlessness is here. The Church exists for the purpose of proclaiming God's truth and setting up God's kingdom, and there is so little faith in God that He will prepare it

for this service and bless it in doing it, that it must compromise its own character as a teacher of the truth rather than lose the help which the State gives. That a Church thus compromised, and necessarily weakening its influence by the fact that the doctrine taught in one parish may be positively contradicted in the next, should be regarded as peculiarly qualified to evangelize the nation is a suggestion which indicates a lack of practical wisdom only less remarkable than the want of faith.

Of all the pleas urged in opposition to the suit none is less satisfactory than that derived from the smallness of the points which it raises. Such a view may commend itself to those whose knowledge of the subject is merely superficial; in the mouths of others it hardly has the ring of honesty. Be it remembered, however, that the reasoning tells both ways, and indeed more strongly against the Bishop than his opponents. The Bishop is not a hot-headed young curate, possessed with an idea of his own priestly authority and determined to flaunt it before all observers. He has the experience of years and the responsibility of high office and of leadership. A large section of the clergy look up to him with affection and even with reverence, and will be eager to follow his example. He must be fully alive to the possible consequences of his action on the unity of the Anglican Church and the safety of the Establishment. If the ceremonial for which he risks the peace of the Church be insignificant, no condemnation of him can well be too severe. It is unfair to him to suggest that he would lay stress upon the objectionable practices unless they were with him matters of conscience because of the principles involved. But if this be admitted the action of the promoters is sufficiently vindicated. They are not disturbing the Church about trifles, but defending what they hold to be vital principles, and as to this they and the Bishop are one. We respect both of them infinitely more than the Erastians, who would treat not only such points as these, but others of even higher moment as belonging to the infinitely little, and who would let a man teach what he will and have what ritual

he pleases, provided he will remain within the Establishment.

It is satisfactory to have Mr. Gace's Church Catechism disavowed and condemned, not only by the Bishop of St. Albans, but by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, and this is not surprising, for the extravagant statements in relation to Dissent can only irritate and not convince. The insolent tone in which Mr. Gace has met this prohibition supplies us with an object lesson as to the spirit and tendency of established Anglicanism. We fear that the insolent clergyman is much more frequent than the courteous Bishop.

In the Catechism itself is no sign of spiritual power or intellectual acuteness. It does not even afford material for discussion, since the writer does not condescend to argue, but satisfies himself with giving out a series of dogmatic utterances, remarkable only for the extravagance and outspokenness of their bigotry. The only way of dealing with such outbursts of narrow intolerance is to meet them in the style to which we have been accustomed in recent controversy, by the statesman who answers every statement against his administration by a rude *dementi*. When a self-sufficient clergyman shows no more respect for the consciences of those who do not happen to be of his Church, and has imbibed so little of the spirit of Him who solemnly warned His own apostles against the indulgence of such an exclusive temper, that he can brand as idolaters all who do not follow with him, he must either be above or below all argument. Probably he would accept the first of these suppositions, while we should lean to the second; but, in either case, discussion would be time wasted. If two centuries of earnest work and patient endurance, of faithful service to the same gospel which the Vicar and his brethren preach, and loyal devotion to the cause of political liberty, of which they have for the most part been strenuous opponents, have not given us the right to meet the petty insolence of such bigotry with contemptuous silence, we have lived and toiled, struggled and suffered, to but little

purpose. We have no fear of the popular verdict, and the judgment of these clerics, dressed in a little brief authority, cannot cost us a moment's anxiety.

All that is necessary for us is to emphasize the essential agreement between the teaching set forth in the Catechism in this rude form, and the more polished and unctuous expressions of teachers of authority, such as the lecturer on Pastoral Theology at Cambridge. Dr. Gott, who is Dean of Hereford as well as University lecturer, is a man of very different spirit and ability from Mr. Gace. It is very probable that he would be disgusted by the Catechism and certainly would not endorse all that is taught in that extraordinary composition; but when we compare the view of Church and Dissent given in it and in his own "Parish Priest in the Town," it is hard to see in what the difference between the two manuals consists. Mr. Gace simply puts more bluntly what is involved in the theory which is common to both, and which is the theory of the whole sacerdotal party.

Lord Addington advances the same view in a letter to *The Times*. He recognizes the high character and Christian service of Dissenting ministers, but he says: "When their equal authority is in question, when a teacher bearing the name of some earthly founder is asked to explain the source and potency of his commission, no answer can be satisfactory, no credentials can suffice, which do not profess to be derived from Christ Himself, through a perpetual succession of bishops and clergy." That is at least distinct. Grace, gifts, the spiritual insight of the thinker or the burning zeal of the prophet, the devoutness of the saint or the heroism of the missionary, all go for nothing, unless "the ministerial orders have been transmitted through a perpetual succession of bishops and clergy." Saints like Baxter; divines as eminent for their piety as for their profound learning, like Owen and Howe; apostles of modern times, like Carey or Moffat; men who have hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus, and have fallen in the high places of the field, like

Williams—are all put outside, as men having no credentials and without authority. A line of separation more arbitrary, more absolutely without Scriptural warrant, and more difficult to reconcile with facts, it would be hardly possible to conceive.

Take a passage from the lectures of Dean Gott as illustrative of the temper of a distinguished Churchman towards Dissent. He has no great faith in any discussion, and his advice on the point is creditable to his discretion. "Rarely argue, it generally hardens your opponent, and if it convinces his reason it mostly leaves his will irritated and obstinate." Here the worst side of the Dean comes out in the insinuation that the misled Dissenter will sin against his own knowledge, and though convinced "be of the same opinion still." But he immediately compensates by suggesting that unless the clergyman exercise great care the victory may be with the Dissenter. "If you must argue, study the questions between you beforehand, for the Dissenter's theology rests on one or two points of doctrine on which he is better taught than we are, because we have to cover the whole area of the doctrine of the Catholic Church." The last clause is simply unintelligible. There are points of tradition, indeed, about which Dissenters do not much concern themselves, and of which probably they are ignorant. But what there is in the "area of Catholic doctrine," what truth which affects the relations between God and the soul of man in which they are less interested than Churchmen, and to which they give less attention, passes our comprehension. But it is only in accord with the air of superiority which is maintained throughout. The Dean takes it for granted that Churchmen are walking in the "King's highway," whereas Dissenters have strayed into dangerous by-paths, and which thus expresses itself as to the contrast between their position and that of the Church. "If," he says, "it [Dissent] be hereditary and rooted, we generally leave it alone, if it is to be stirred it will need God's handling; we should only vex, irritate, and harden. We may root up the tree, but we shall probably

fail to transplant it; and it had better live in a squatter's plot than die in the garden of a king." Every tree is known by its fruits, and if the trees in the "king's garden" bring forth only such wild grapes as these—arrogance, exclusiveness, uncharitableness—there must surely be some unkindly element in the soil. The only other way of explaining such a display of uncharitableness is to attribute it to a congenital defect in the plant. But this is not the case. The Dean is not a sour bigot; he is simply a fully-developed ecclesiastic. The idea of insulting Dissenters is doubtless far from him, and he will be surprised that such an interpretation can be put upon his words. He is only speaking in the spirit of his Church and his order. One of our French critics says that the Englishman has knocked down to himself the kingdom of heaven, which he looks upon as a British possession, and there is too much truth in this keen satire upon a self-conceit which is so intensely insular. But it is in the ecclesiastic who represents the authority of the "Holy Catholic Church" that this spirit attains its full development. His Church is "the king's garden," the Dissenter's allotment outside is the "squatter's plot." And this is the spirit of a servant of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and who has laid down as the law of His Church, "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all."

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!" We almost despair when we find a journal like *The Spectator* describing the earnest Christian appeal of Canon Wilberforce, in the March number of *The Nineteenth Century* as "sentimental wish-wash about the Christian duty of surrendering Ireland in the name of 'love' to be governed by the nominees of the National League." This (to follow the writer's example) can only be characterized as the mere vapouring of an imperialism which is too rabid to be careful of its language or its facts. No one proposes to surrender Ireland in any sense. On the contrary,

those who are most earnest for Home Rule advocate it as the only way of retaining it. It is not that, however, which is so objectionable as the tone in which the appeal to Christian law is treated. We all know how vehement *The Spectator* is in its opposition to Home Rule, but we are surprised that it cannot show more respect to the conscientious convictions of one who feels that the policy pursued towards Ireland and Irishmen is inconsistent with the law of Christ. Surely those who acknowledge the authority of the Master as supreme in political as in all other affairs may abstain from sneers at those who seek to assert that supremacy, even though they may think some of their views extreme. Or are there two tendencies of religious thought which this Irish question is helping to develop—the one which has in it more of the old law, the other with more of the gentleness of Christ and the broad humanity of the Gospels?

REVIEW.

NISBET'S THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.*

THESE two volumes deserve the highest praise of all who are interested in the maintenance of a true evangelical faith. That faith we hold to be eminently reasonable; and the more its defenders bear this in mind, and deal with their readers or hearers, to whose intelligence they must appeal, and who will be convinced by a clear presentation of the truth when they will not be silenced by any appeal to tradition or to custom, the better for the real interests of religion. Of course the gospel requires faith, and the heart that will not believe cannot accept it. But faith does not mean a blind submission to authority or an uninquiring acceptance of a form of words which has on it the seal of orthodoxy. The two eminent Presbyterian divines, to whom we owe these volumes, are certainly not

* *The Gospel According to Christ.* By MUNRO GIBSON, D.D.
The Gospel According to St. Paul. By OSWALD DYKES, D.D. (J. Nisbet and Co.)

to be classed amongst those who complacently regard themselves as representatives of advanced thought, but they are in full touch with all that is best and most enlightened and most progressive in the religious thought of the time, and they have given us the results of their extended reading and observation in these extremely valuable works, which, while pervaded throughout by the true evangelical tone and temper, are marked by great freshness and independence. Perhaps they are hardly to be classed in our apologetic literature, and yet they are apologetic in the widest and the truest sense. They give us the positive side of truth, and that is just what numbers are desiring to have. They are wearied of mere wrangling, and still more so of the hard judgments which would make men offenders for words, and treat every new phase of thought or even diversity of expression from the old type as a sign of incipient heresy. It is not the least recommendation of these volumes that they are everywhere written in a sympathetic spirit. The cardinal idea of Dr. Munro Gibson's work is given in the following passage, which contains an idea on which we have ourselves more than once insisted:—

If an inquirer who, in addition to the belief in God which most men have, has a sense of moral need springing from a consciousness of sin, is at once pointed to Christ without any further preparation, why may not an inquirer, who is intellectually convinced of the being of God, and the need there is of some further revelation, be at once led to Christ without being required first to wrestle with questions about the authenticity of the books of Moses or the Gospel of John, or with the question whether the complex creed which enters into his instructor's or his own idea of "Christianity" be all the truth of God? Why may not the first and main inquiry be, whether Christ, the Christ of history, be the revelation of God which the soul needs, whether it be not the truth of which the man is in search? When we are asked the way of salvation, we do not say, "God has revealed Himself in the Bible, therefore believe the Bible"; nor, "Christianity is the true religion, therefore accept it." No, we present Christ at once, using only so much of the contents of the Bible, perhaps only a few sentences, as may be necessary to get the Saviour before the mind and heart, knowing full well that if once He is accepted, there will be no fear for the rest. Now, is there any reason why, in the systematic treatment of the evidences, we should have ever so much to say and to prove about

the Bible as an inspired book, or Christianity as the true religion, before we have a word to say about Christ Himself? Is there any reason why our apologetics, presenting the truth to the intellect, should be less evangelical in its methods than our homiletics, presenting the truth to the heart?" (pp. 30-1.)

Our own belief is that in this return to the simplicity that is in Christ, and in the constant exhibition of Christ, will be the most effectual counteractive of scepticism. What the world really needs is a revival of Christianity according to Christ, and Dr. Munro Gibson's great object is to help this. The book is full of fine thought, devout feeling, spiritual fervour. It is frequently suggested by a certain class of thinkers that Christianity has come from Paul and not from his Master. Dr. Munro Gibson's whole argument sufficiently disposes of this plea. Every chapter in it is full of life and power, and would well repay a separate discussion of itself. In the very best sense it is a book for the times, eminently calculated to direct the inquirer, to satisfy the anxious, "to strengthen the weak hands, and to confirm the feeble knees."

Dr. Dykes' work is a fitting companion to that of his colleague. The one may possibly be more popular in character and style, the other is more exegetical, and the exegesis is of a very high order. The English Presbyterian Church is to be congratulated on having a man so philosophical in spirit, so evangelical in his theology, and so extremely lucid in his mode of exposition, at the head of its theological faculty. He tells us, indeed, in his preface that the book is not intended for scholars or divines, but it is just such a book as the best men in these classes would thoroughly enjoy. It might really be described as a series of expository discourses on the first eight chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. Dr. Dykes' aim has been to take these memorable chapters and present their argument in a form suited to the popular apprehension, that is, to translate it out of the language of the schools into the language of the common life of man. A more valuable and necessary service it would hardly be possible to render. It is what we need to have done in relation to the teaching of the

Bible everywhere. Certain phrases have become so familiar, and also some modes of theological expression so technical, that they have been stripped of all life and power. The mere translation of the Gospels into French of the nineteenth century served to create in the minds of the French people a perfect furore of interest about the life of Christ. This kind of treatment is still more necessary for the doctrinal teaching of the Epistle, and Dr. Dykes has done it with singular success. The freshness of his book consists not in any ingenious novelty of idea, but in the mode of presentation. There are two other volumes of this series to which we should have liked to give full notice. They are Dr. Matheson's "Landmarks of New Testament Morality," and Mr. Bernard's "Mental Characteristics of Christ."

THE LONDON PRESBYTERY AND THE ENGLISH LAW.*

ON October 2nd the London (South) Presbytery, which has had the Tooting Case continuously under its notice ever since Mr. Justice Kekewich gave his decision in February last, unanimously resolved: "That the standing of Dr. Anderson and the congregation at Tooting, *as a minister and congregation of the Presbyterian Church of England*, is NOT AFFECTED BY THE DECISION OF THE CIVIL COURT." That decision was, as will be remembered, "That it was not competent to the meeting of 14th February, 1881, to subject the trust property to the control of the body styled the Presbyterian Church of England, but that the same ought to be held, used, and enjoyed by the Protestant Dissenters of the Presbyterian or Independent denomination worshipping therein, as if no such meeting had been held and no resolution for an admission to the fellowship of the

* *An English Ulster* (118 pp.): Reply of the Rev. A. Mearns to "Presbyterianism in England in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." (London: Alexander and Shephard, 1888.)

Presbyterian Church of England had then or at any time been passed." The judge had also said: "The Presbyterian Church of England seems to have acted with some hesitation and with some circumspection. I cannot help regretting that they did not go further in that direction and consult the trust-deed before they adopted Dr. Anderson's suggestion." The London Presbytery cannot now plead any ignorance of the trust-deed at Tooting, or of its meaning in relation to themselves, in justification of their latest resolution. The position they now assume is non-intrusionist. Defining themselves as a "purely ecclesiastical" body, they loftily ignore the civil court and the very plain remarks which Judge Kekewich made upon the "Book of Order of the Presbyterian Church of England." He said, "This, to my mind, is quite clear: the rules of the Presbyterian Church of England, as contained in the Book of Order, are inconsistent with Independents as they existed in the middle of the eighteenth century, have existed ever since, and exist now."

This legal decision is now being defied and trampled upon. At the Presbytery meeting on October 2nd Dr. Anderson attended as usual, and spoke, and voted. The Presbytery then appointed a deputation from itself, which has since visited Tooting and declared on the spot there that the Presbytery still considers Dr. Anderson to be one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church of England and his congregation to be one of its congregations, in spite of the judgment. It is possible that some Congregationalists, being lovers of peace and fraternally disposed towards the members of the Presbytery and the Synod, have wondered at times at the watchfulness and vigour with which the Rev. A. Mearns has conducted this painful controversy. And this feeling has been reflected again and again in attempts at arbitration (to which Mr. Mearns also has been a party), in which the utmost concessions that could conscientiously be made have been offered to the Presbytery for the sake of peace. But now it is at last made evident that no Congregationalist can any longer shirk the duty of resisting this illegal and "non-

intrusionist violence." The judgment of Judge Kekewich must be executed, and Congregational property throughout the country must be defended from these "purely ecclesiastical" attacks. We are quite sure that firmness at the present moment is the only course that will hasten the cementing again of the former kindly relations between Congregationalists and the Presbyterian Church of England, which were so rudely broken by the attack, through Dr. Anderson, upon our property at Tooting.

The late Rev. John Black was one who figured largely in this controversy. It is pleasant now to reflect that his numerous letters and articles were always kept quite free from personal reflections and angry expressions. He was an active opponent, no doubt sincere, although we believe him to have been mistaken as to the historical points he loved so much to dwell upon. The complaint we had to make against Mr. Black was simply of this order—that he refused to name the churches on which he depended, or to show the documentary evidence he had. Nor would he come to see the evidence Congregationalists possess and desired to show him, evidence that the few Northern churches in question were not in the eighteenth century English Presbyterian at all, but were denominationally Independent. And now that he is gone, we have merely to add that we have all along understood that Mr. Black was officially restricted in matters of this kind. Again, at the present time, we urge—let the historical questions be thoroughly threshed and winnowed out without prejudice or party feeling, each side throwing open to the other all the information it possesses. Only thus, in our opinion, can the strong expressions of fraternal sentiment, which have been freely made again and again on both sides, be justified in and through this period of controversy. And we can do no better than recommend Mr. Mearns' cheap and excellent synopsis of the evidence, so far as it has been revealed, to the attention of all earnest Congregationalists.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN article on "Recent Books on Ireland" is unavoidably held over till our next number, but there is one book which we wish to commend to the special attention of our readers. It is the "Life of Thomas Drummond," by R. Barry O'Brien. (C. Kegan Paul.) Mr. Drummond was Under Secretary from 1835-1840, and his administration is one of the few bright spots in the history of English government of that unhappy island. Like the recent administration of Lord Aberdeen, it shows what a sympathetic Englishman could do. Alas that there have been so few of them! Mr. Drummond made even Dublin Castle popular for a time.

Memoirs of James Begg, D.D. Vol. II. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. (James Gemmel.) The second volume of this biography does not sustain the interest of its predecessor. The author has had abundance of material, but instead of arranging it with wisdom and literary skill, he has allowed it to master him. The story of the Free Church during the last forty years has had many points of interest in it, and had Dr. Smith taken these separately and grouped his facts around them he might have made a book of real historical value, but instead of this he has been content to give us little more than the annals of Dr. Begg's life, a kind of chronicle which may be extremely interesting to a limited circle of his own denominational friends, but through which the ordinary reader finds it difficult, if not impossible, to wade. Dr. Begg was a great leader of the reactionary party in the Free Church, and was conspicuous for its opposition to every movement tending in the direction of liberalism. His biographer credits him, and no doubt justly, with defeating the proposal for union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterians. His own expression in relation to it we confess baffles our comprehension: "Thus ended," he says, "a controversy which had threatened to end the Free Church. It is not to be questioned that the beginning of the Union movement was of God; and I firmly believe that its ending was of God, however in its beginning, its progress, and its end, human interpretations may have marred it." To ourselves it is unintelligible how such a movement could be from God, and yet the wreck of it with all the fair hopes which it inspires be from God also. For the latter, at all events, Dr. Begg was responsible, and we cannot regard it as a point in his favour. He was unquestionably a very strong man, born for the leadership which seemed so naturally to fall to him, but he was to a large extent dominated by tradition and by feeling. He fancied himself a champion of Protestantism *par excellence*, yet in truth he had never accepted the first principle of Protestantism, and sought to cast out the spirit of Romanism by instruments worthy only of the Papacy itself. He was unquestionably an able preacher, and, as a polemic, he had but few rivals. But he was

also a great social reformer, and in reading some of the utterances on these questions, we are half disposed to think that nature intended him for a Radical and that he was spoiled by his ecclesiasticism. In private life he was evidently a warm-hearted, genial man, with a considerable fund of dry humour. If the biographer had taken greater trouble he might certainly have made a much more telling and attractive book out of a life so full of incessant and manifold activity.

"The Expositor's Bible." *The Book of Genesis*. By MARCUS DODS, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) In reviewing one of the volumes of this extremely useful series, Principal Edwards's "Commentary on the Hebrews," Mr. Spurgeon says: "This is very well, so far as it goes; but while we have *Owen* and *Gouge*, we shall look upon them as substantial joints of meat and upon this as a side-dish." It is to be regretted that an extreme devotion to Puritan writers should make the critic so intolerant of any difference from their views, and so unfair to writers of our own time. The last thing we should think of doing would be to underrate the great work of the Puritan commentators and theologians. But just as they would have laughed to scorn the idea that they must bow to the authority of the Reformers or of the best of the Fathers, so do we claim that the Bible is a book as open to us as it was to them, and that we must bring all our knowledge to bear on its interpretation just as they brought theirs. An exposition which simply disregards all the work of criticism, and possibly dismisses its established results as evidences of heresy, albeit they have no bearing on Christian doctrine whatever, is certainly unsuited to the demands of our own times. The great value of the present series is that it proceeds on exactly the opposite principle. The writers avail themselves of all the help that Biblical scholarship can supply, and yet, so far as we have studied them, there is quite enough of the conservative element in their teaching. Dr. Marcus Dods is himself a typical example of this school of expositors. The discourses of this volume are in every respect admirable, full of spiritual fervour, and, at the same time, singularly judicious in their treatment of the old narrative. It is not necessary that we should profess agreement in every opinion that is held, but there is everywhere a sobriety of thought, a wise consideration for opinions that the writer himself does not accept, a vividness of presentation, and a reverential tone such as we most desire in a book like this. One or two sentences will indicate the author's standpoint. Writing of the first chapter of Genesis, he says: "Accepting the chapter then as it stands, and believing that only by looking at the Bible as it actually is can we hope to understand God's method of revealing Himself, we at once perceive that ignorance of some departments of truth does not disqualify a man from knowing and imparting truth about God. In order to be a medium of revelation, a man does not need to be in advance of his age in secular learning. Intimate communion with God,

a spirit trained to discern spiritual things, a perfect understanding of and zeal for God's purpose, these are qualities quite independent of a knowledge of the discoveries of science."

The People of the Pilgrimage. An Expository Study of the "Pilgrim's Progress" as a Book of Character. First Series: True Pilgrims. By Rev. J. KERR BAIN, M.A. (Macniven and Wallace. London: Hodder and Stoughton.) It might almost seem as though the riches of the great dreamer's book were inexhaustible. We have had it looked at from various sides, and yet some fresh standpoint is always being discovered from which it has never been contemplated before, and from which new beauties are to be seen. It has afforded subject for exposition, commentary, illustration, paraphrase, and we know not what beside, and yet a fresh and thoughtful mind may still find some new purpose to which it may be put. Mr. Kerr Bain's idea can hardly be described as altogether new, for preachers have no doubt often discoursed on the different characters of the Pilgrimage. But so far as we remember, this is the first time in which a volume has been employed in working out what is unquestionably one of the chief features in Bunyan's work. The writer has proved himself admirably qualified for his work. The introductory essay shows a full and yet discriminating appreciation of Bunyan himself and his different books, and it is only necessary to pass from this estimate of the man to the general view of the characters themselves to understand how thoroughly the work has been done. Close observation, sympathetic interest, but above all, spiritual insight, are manifest everywhere. To all intelligent and devout readers of the "Pilgrim's Progress" the book will be invaluable. We shall speak more in detail when we have to deal with the second volume.

Elijah the Prophet. By the Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. (Charles Burnet and Co.) Dr. Taylor has here told, in his usual felicitous style, the story of one who was in some respects the greatest of the Old Testament prophets, with that depth of insight which is characteristic of all his treatment of Biblical characters. Our author has formed a very distinct conception of the man himself in his mingled strength and weakness, and he has portrayed him in such an exceedingly vivid and interesting way that we seem, as it were, to see the grand old prophet standing before us as a living man. The various lessons for our own times which are suggested by the narrative in the First Book of Kings are brought out with much clearness and force. The book is calculated to do much good, especially to perplexed and anxious minds, by the light which it throws on many of the vexed questions of our day.

Daniel the Beloved. By the Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. (Charles

Burnet and Co.) There are many points of resemblance as well as marked characteristic differences between Elijah and Daniel. In the story of the latter, as in that of the former, there are thrilling episodes which at once fix the attention of the young with whom Dr. Taylor tells us "it has long been a favourite." But while these portions have a special charm for the young, our author also brings out the lessons of wisdom it contains for men of business and public life. The prophetic part of the book, with its varied perplexing questions, Dr. Taylor handles with considerable wisdom and tact.

For Faith and Freedom. By WALTER BESANT. In three volumes. (Chatto and Windus.) To those who have read "Dorothy Foster," one of the most charming novels of our day, this new story of Mr. Besant's will not come as a surprise; but those who know him only by his pictures of East London life of to-day and their appeals to the sympathy and conscience of the generation, will probably be astonished to find that he is just as perfect in his presentation of life in England, and especially in the beautiful Western country, as it was in the exciting conflict of two centuries ago. The subject is the rebellion of Monmouth. To us this has always been a strange and almost unintelligible episode in the struggle of the period. There was so little in Monmouth except a fair exterior and a certain grace of manner, while there was so much in his character and manner of life to offend Puritan taste and feeling, that it is somewhat difficult to understand how he raised the enthusiasm of the Dissenters of the West to such an extent. The phenomenon cannot be regarded as unique, since his own father had in a very similar fashion succeeded in imposing upon the sturdy Covenanters of Scotland. The explanation is made simple enough by such a narrative as that before us. It is told with singular grace and beauty by the daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin, one of the expelled Nonconformist clergy. On the portrait of this divine the author has spent no little skill. He is the unworldly recluse, the accomplished scholar, the devout and faithful pastor, the enthusiastic lover of God, of truth, and of liberty. The picture of his life of straitness and poverty from the day of the Black Bartholomew, is told with a quiet pathos which is as touching as it is realistic. Indeed there is something that is idyllic in the whole style of representations of life in the cottage and the old manor-house, whose squire remains the faithful and loyal friend of his old pastor in his hour of adversity. The admirable skill of the artist is shown, too, in the manner in which he introduces, without any apparent effort, the most characteristic scenes of the period. The opening chapter, in which an account is given of the Bartholomew Day itself, the little bits of home life in the school at Taunton where the young enthusiasts were preparing Monmouth's flags, and at the same time weaving the web of their own sad destiny, the sketches of life in the camp and in the prison, are all wonderfully telling. One part of the story, that of life in the plan-

tations, among the victims of Jeffries, is told by the friend of the heroine, and is in its own way if possible even fresher and more effective. The book is singularly appropriate to the present time. The servants of "faith and freedom," who throughout command our sympathy, must certainly be condemned by those who at present are everywhere shouting for "law and order." The whole story may help to remind us that our great spiritual and national heroes of the past were men who acted on a very different principle from that which finds favour among some so-called Liberals of our time. They understood that the law which is to command the respect of the subject must both in itself and its administration show a corresponding respect for their liberties and their consciences. The book is one which ought to be read by every Nonconformist.

Eighteenth-Century Literature. By E. W. GOSSE. (Macmillan and Co.) Mr. Gosse has a great theme, for he does not confine himself within the limits marked out by his title. He treats of a period rather than a century. His aim is to trace the history of those "literary developments which came to their climax in the early part of the eighteenth century, and seem to be related to what we are in the habit of considering the characteristic features of that age in social, intellectual, and artistic matters." In order to do this he begins with 1660 and ends in 1780, so that to describe it as a history of eighteenth-century literature is admitted to be a misnomer, the only excuse for which is that Mr. Gosse has not found it possible to secure a better title. To the author this extension of area is of importance, if only as enabling him to include the name of Dryden, whom he pronounces the "greatest poet in English literature from John Milton to Wordsworth." On this as on some other judgments in the volume there may possibly be differences of opinion. But into such purely literary questions we do not propose to enter here. We are interested chiefly in the references to some of the great religious writers of the period. To Bunyan he assigns his true position. In prose literature he is the one man whose genius relieves the dreary period from the Restoration to the end of the seventeenth century. Nothing could be more or better said (but when does Mr. Gosse fail in point of style?) than the account of "Pilgrim's Progress." "No doubt the habit of fervent extempore preaching had given Bunyan freedom and rapidity of expression, and had taught him to make his sentences short, picturesque, and pointed. The style of 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the very perfection of what the style of such a book should be—homely and yet distinguished, exquisitely simple, yet tuned to music at all its finer moments." It is in his remarks on the "Life of Mr. Badman" that Mr. Gosse startles us by describing it as "*a conte*, save for its theme, in the French style of the next generation." Anything more unlike Bunyan cannot well be conceived. Still it is true that this story of a man "who went to school with the devil from his childhood" to the end of his life "is absolutely

original as an attempt at realistic fiction, and leads through Defoe on to Fielding and the great school of English novels." But it must never be forgotten that its aim is distinctly religious. It is far removed from the "Pilgrim's Progress," so happily characterized here "as the matchless and inimitable crystallization into imaginative art of the whole system of Puritan Protestantism." Richard Baxter receives less justice at our author's hands: "The autobiography of this pious, useful, boisterous heresiarch, which appeared posthumously in 1696, is pleasant reading." This is but faint praise for one of the most exquisite pieces of autobiography in the language—a book which has fallen into undeserved neglect. But it is the description of the man which is so startling—Baxter, "a boisterous heresiarch." Keen in theological controversy, and probably very annoying to those with whom he disputed because of his subtlety of thought and persistency; very inconvenient and awkward to men of expediency, as the servants of truth are very apt to be; but boisterous, never! The gentlest and most gracious of men, the very idea of being a "heresiarch" would to him to have been an offence. His longing was for unity. We do not suppose, however, that Mr. Gosse has any special aversion to Puritans. His criticism of Barrow is equally wide of the mark. In all these cases he is dealing with a branch of his subject of which, to speak mildly, he cannot be said to be master.

English Men of Action.—*Charles George Gordon.* By Colonel Sir W. F. BUTLER. *Henry the Fifth.* By the Rev. A. J. CHURCH. (Macmillan and Co.) This new series is evidently designed as a companion to the popular volumes on English Statesmen. It is got up in the same cheap and elegant form, and to a large class of readers will doubtless be quite as attractive. General Gordon is so thoroughly the hero of the present century that it is perhaps natural that one so popular should be the subject of the first volume. Sir Wm. Butler has certainly told a story full of movement, of exciting interest, and, at its end, of tragic melancholy, with great skill, and has, as it seems to us, given within a short compass the most readable account of the life, the most vivid and striking picture of the man. Unhappily the closing part of that life has become the subject of so fierce and embittered a controversy, that differences of opinion are sure to arise as to the author's view of the much vexed questions which surround Khartoum. It suited the purpose of a party singularly unscrupulous and relentless in its modes of warfare to make an opponent who was at once feared, envied, and hated the scapegoat of blunders for which in truth he had little responsibility. Mr. Gladstone had no responsibility beyond that which belongs to the head of a Government on whom will necessarily come censures for a policy which was really initiated and worked out by his subordinates. Were we to say that Mr. Gladstone made no mistakes, we should be more Gladstonian than he is himself. He was the Prime Minister, and of course cannot escape a fair

measure of responsibility, but the policy was in no sense specially his, and it must not be forgotten that at the head of the War Office was a powerful subordinate. Lord Hartington has pleaded that in financial matters he put his conscience in the hands of his chief. But this only makes it the more probable that in his own department he would maintain a considerable measure of independence. The plain fact is the whole Cabinet must accept the burden of the general Egyptian policy; the responsibility for the conduct of the war, and especially for the despatch of General Gordon, belongs mainly to Lord Hartington. It would have been more creditable to his lordship's chivalry if he had frankly accepted this position. It is, however, one happy result amid the many evil consequences attending the formation of the joint Unionist party that the wild declamation about the Egyptian policy has for the time ceased, since the Tory party cannot continue their attacks without reflecting on the great pillar and support of their confederacy. There is one point which Sir W. Butler makes clear, and which may help to a more equitable judgment upon the whole transaction. "Not only were nine-tenths of the official world of Cairo—English and Egyptian, civil and military—opposed to a peaceful evacuation of the Soudan, but there was a large majority of what may be called the permanent Government of England also opposed to it, and it is now but too clear an historical fact that these powerful parties at home and in Egypt did not hesitate to use the name and the mission of Gordon as instruments to their own ends—these ends being the very opposite of what the English Government wished. The meaning of the term 'permanent' Government may appear strange; but there is a Government of England, and a very powerful one too, which is always in office—a Government that has no more relation to the will of the majority of the people of England than it has to the wishes of the people of Van Diemen's land. In every public office, in the army and navy, in the countless departments of the State, this permanent conservative Government is entrenched, and if any person cares to study why a Liberal Executive seems to have a confirmed habit of ill-fortune almost always attached to its policy when that policy lies outside its direct relation with the people of England, he will find the real reason of such mishaps in the antagonism ever existing between the passing Liberal Executive Administration and the permanent official conservative Government that lies beneath it. If the Administration of the United States knows no such habit of ill-fortune, it is because the wisdom of its founders took measures to ensure that the American Executive and its servants should always be working in the harmony of a common purpose" (pp. 213, 214). There is an amount of political truth and wisdom in this which has other applications, and indeed is of permanent value. Henry the Fifth has always been an English hero, though strange to say the Henry who lingers in the imagination of Englishmen is rather

the Henry of Shakespeare than of actual history. Mr. Church has clearly marked out the distinction, and has done his utmost to restore the true historical figure. No one could have told the story better, and it is one to which Englishmen will always turn with interest.

This Mortal Coil. By GRANT ALLEN. Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Grant Allen never fails to write with remarkable power, and his present book is no exception to the rule. It is not a pleasant book, but it is undoubtedly a strong one, full of narrative interest and dramatic force. Its principal character, whom we can hardly call a hero, is about as unredeemed a villain as could easily be met with even in the pages of a novel. We early get an insight into his character, and his relations with the two young and trusting girls whose hearts he went far towards breaking, and one of whom dies as the victim of his cold-blooded heartlessness. Almost from the beginning, therefore, we feel that the course of the story must necessarily be painful and melancholy. At the same time the writer shows his skill in the hold which he cannot fail to take upon the attention of his readers. The character of Hugh Massenger is extremely well drawn. The contrast between the finished elegance of his manner and the amiability by which he is able to secure so many friends with the cold selfishness which rules his heart and shapes his character is worked out with remarkable ability. While passing this general judgment upon the book we cannot but feel it has been injured by the necessity of complying with the apparently inexorable law. Many of the scenes are unduly prolonged, and some of the incidents, those, *e.g.*, respecting the encroachments of the sea upon the White Strand Estate and the fluctuations in its value, seem to be somewhat unnecessary. No doubt the situation is finely conceived and presented with graphic power when we are invited to contemplate Hugh Massenger playing with feverish excitement at Monte Carlo, while at the same time the elements are restoring to him the estate which he supposed was doomed to be swallowed up by the sea. But when the estate has been restored our author seems to be in some difficulty to know what to do with it. These, however, are but slight blemishes in a very able and exciting story.

Englishman of the Rue Catin. By H. F. WOOD. *Romances of the Law.* By R. E. FRANCELLO. (Chatto and Windus.) These are the two latest issues of a six-shilling series of stories which in form and in the general get-up leave nothing to desire, and is in truth an excellent model for books of the kind, which might with great advantage be substituted for the ordinary three volumes which so many novelists apparently think themselves bound to fill. Both of these books are of considerable merit, although in the first the author does not sustain the reputation of his former story. In that he showed a considerable faculty for writing those detective tales which are sure to be popular so long as the writer can weave his materials with a plot which

shall be sufficiently puzzling without being too intricate. The "Englishman of the Rue Catin," has something of the same interest, but it is greatly marred by the hysterical style in which the story is told. Mr. Francellon has given us a very interesting book. The records of Courts really contain some of the most thrilling episodes of life. How far Mr. Francellon has dug up actual narratives from these legal chronicles, and how far he has drawn upon his own imagination, we cannot undertake to say; but he has given us a very readable book, which will be an amusing and sometimes even instructive companion in a leisure hour.

The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot. By WILLIAM MINTO. Three Vols. (Macmillan and Co.) Mr. Minto has shown some courage in his attempt to revive the old historical novel. In these days, when writers of fiction seem to vie with each other as to the sensationalism which they can introduce into their stories, when Rider Haggard and "Onida" are the favourite novelists of numbers, it is eminently refreshing to meet with a book of this kind which has a serious purpose, and which can carry it out without becoming dull or wearisome. There is a story, and though it is so constructed as to introduce some of the principal features of the age, it has in it quite enough of incident to sustain the interest. But to us the historical part of the book is the most attractive. Ralph Hardelot, the hero, is a nephew of the Chancellor of Richard II., Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury. But while the uncle is the head of the Church, and practically of the State also, being, in fact, Richard's Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the nephew has come under the influence of Wycliffe, and is one of his poor priests. It is, however, the political rather than the religious side of the Lollard movement with which the writer is concerned. This object is to give a picture of the rising of the Commons under Wat Tyler, and he has succeeded in producing a series of vivid sketches which will help the reader to a fuller understanding of a part of our history which has been but imperfectly studied. Mr. Minto's sympathies are with the Commons and courtiers; nobles and priests appear to little advantage. Sir Richard Rainham, the proud and insolent baron, affords a striking illustration of the oppression which had driven the long-suffering people mad. Ralph Hardelot is mediator between the king and the peasants. The character is well conceived for the writer's special object, and the successive scenes of the narrative in the Court and the sleepy country town, the crowded fair, and the baronial castle with its loathsome dungeon, bring home to our imagination the life of the times in a very impressive way. The work is an admirable specimen of fiction which is not only healthful, but instructive.

The Aspern Papers, &c. Two vols. By HENRY JAMES. (Macmillan and Co.) We know no writer who succeeds in making the thinnest of

plots do so much service and awaken so much interest in the reader as Mr. Henry James. But we doubt whether this art has ever been carried to such perfection as in the story of the "Aspern Papers," which gives the title to these two volumes before us. There is really nothing to tell, and when we put down the book we are inclined to be vexed with ourselves that we have been so interested and to wonder what the charm has been. But interested we have been, and there need be no stronger evidence of the skill of the author, who with this little has managed to hold our attention so thoroughly and so long. Very much is due to the intense realism of the whole. There is, indeed, a weird-like air about the old palace in Venice, where most of the scenes are laid, which removes them into the regions of romance, and yet there is such a naturalness about the two old ladies who are the inmates of this curious old residence that we cannot help feeling attracted to them. The story of the niece and of the wakening up of human affection in a heart which seemed to be utterly fossilized with its inevitable disappointment is very tender and pathetic. The second volume is made up of two stories, the second of which "A Modern Warning," seems to us one of the cleverest things which Mr. James has written. The English aristocrat who does America in a few weeks and comes back prepared to discuss all its problems in the light of his superior insular wisdom, and to use the American Republic as a shocking example for the English democracy, is uncommonly well done. But the end is altogether too painful for a story with so much of the comic element in it.

Fraternity. A Romance. In two Volumes. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a distinctly original and thoughtful book, altogether out of the common line of the circulating library stories. The writer has got hold of a noble idea, and the object of the book is so to work it out as to commend it to others. It seems to be the result of impressions conceived in a visit to the People's Palace which he describes as this wonderful fruit of an impossible story, the visible outcome of fraternity in the nineteenth century. His first feeling was a desire for such a palace in every grassy district and every dreary town. His second, and, as we think, better thoughts took a different shape, which cannot be better described than in his own words: "Fraternity can give us a thousand such centres of delight, it can turn each home in our land into a palace of joy, radiating happiness! There is no need of subscription lists, or Government patronage. Let each man open doors and windows to the light and see what treasures he has to impart. None is so poor but he may find some one poorer with whom to share his comparative wealth; none so ignorant but some portion of truth is his to spread; none so unimportant but his smiles and mirth, his love and sympathy, ease in some degree the great world-burden." The illustration of this is really the work of the story. Its scene is laid principally in Wales, and the hero is a man who has to work for his

own living, and he does it as a poor man amongst poor men. His power is the power of a beautiful unselfishness by whose practical manifestations he wins the hearts of men. It is a story which can hardly fail to enlarge men's sympathies and to purify their hearts. It is refreshing if only for its contempt of mere money power, and for its illustration of the service which, in its absence, a man may be able to render to his fellows. There are many questions which we should like to ask of its author as to the source from which this sentiment is to be enkindled and sustained. Our own contention is that there must be a religion behind it, and that the only inspiration for that religion is to be found in the Cross of Christ.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Out in the Forty-five; or, Duncan Keith's Vow, by EMILY SARAH HOLT (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a historical tale based upon the rebellion of 1745. The main incidents connected with the rising under Charles Edward serve as a sort of framework to the vivid picture which the writer gives us of the internal life of the times. The main theme of the story, however, is indicated in the sub-title. The act of self-sacrifice by which Duncan Keith saved the life of Angus is beautifully conceived, but hardly probable. Still the lesson inculcated by it is a very important one for all times, and one that needs to be constantly enforced.

Uncle Steve's Locker, by BRENDA (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a very touching story, showing the heroism which is often to be found in the humbler ranks of life, and which displays itself in the silent and at the same time cheerful endurance of poverty and persecution. The characters are exceedingly well drawn, and are true to life; while the plot, though very slight, is worked out with considerable skill. The tale is a thoroughly interesting and effective one, and well sustains the high reputation of its author.

"*In All Our Doings.*" *The Golden Links of the Collects*, by G. STEBBING (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a story for boys. As the title would lead us to suppose, it is distinctly religious in its spirit and character. It consists of chapters taken from schoolboy life, illustrating the Collects of the Prayer Book. This idea is a novel one, and it is ingeniously worked out. The type of piety exhibited is a thoroughly manly and practical one, which boys would do well to cultivate.

Bishop's Cranworth; or, Rosamond's Lamp, by EMMA MARSHALL, is an admirable story for girls. The title is suggested by an incident in the Great Rebellion. Bishop's Cranworth is the name of a castle

which was besieged by a troop of Cromwell's soldiers and bravely defended by Lady Rosamond, who kept a lamp burning all night in the turret window, by which she watched and prayed till help came, and her husband arrived in time to save the castle, but too late to save the life of his heroic spouse, who fell fainting into his arms.

From Squire to Squatter. A Tale of the Old Land and the New, by GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N. (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is another of those bright, breezy, pleasant stories with which Dr. Gordon Stables is wont to regale his youthful readers. It is marked by all those characteristics which have made his previous tales so deservedly popular. It abounds in exciting adventures related in a very lively and interesting style. As the title states, the scene of the story is laid, not on the water, but on the land, and it is only necessary to add that Dr. Stables shows himself as much at home on the one element as he is on the other.

Jingles and Chimes, Nursery Rhymes (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is a capital book for young children. It includes a large number of the old favourite nursery rhymes, together with some new ones, and all of them are profusely illustrated.

From the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge we have received a parcel of books containing a goodly selection of volumes taken from their List of New Publications. The specimens sent serve to indicate both the wide range of the Society's work and the diligent and enterprising spirit in which it carries on its operations. A glance at their catalogue will serve to show the broad interpretation which they give to the expression Christian Knowledge. Thus we have an excellent series entitled, "The Dawn of European Literature," the design of which is "to present the chief races of Europe as they emerge out of prehistoric darkness into the light, furnished by their earliest recorded words." The latest volume of this series is by Gustave Masson, B.A., and deals with the subject of French Literature. It is an able and scholarly review of the literature of France from the earliest times down to the Middle Ages, and shows us the variety of elements which entered into the composition of the language. Another not less valuable series is that entitled, "The Fathers for English Readers," the latest contribution to which is *St. Athanasius: His Life and Times*. By Rev. R. WHILER BUSIL. The subject is a very interesting one to all who are fond of ecclesiastical history, and indeed to orthodox Christians generally. St. Athanasius himself is a striking and imposing figure in the history of the Church, and the brave stand which he made in his day on behalf of what he considered to be the truth, gives a peculiar charm to the story of his life. The controversy in which he

engaged has an interest even for our own times. We gladly welcome, therefore, this little volume of Mr. Bush's, containing as it does a concise and yet comprehensive account of the man, his life, and his times. A third series, and one of an entirely different character, goes by the name of "The Penny Library of Fiction." It is needless to say that, despite the somewhat striking style of the covers, the fiction provided in this series is thoroughly healthful in its character, and forms an admirable counteractive to the unwholesome and frequently viciously sensational stuff which is published in the Penny Dreadfuls. The Society is to be commended for the efforts which it is thus putting forth to meet the wants of all classes of readers, and especially to reach that large class which lies outside the ordinary circles of readers. The stories are lively and short, and they are written by writers of acknowledged ability. Amongst other contributors are such well-known authors as Katherine S. Macquoid, Charles Gibbon, Grant Allen, and Manville Fenn. The new stories are: *By Telegraph*, by J. MACLAREN COBBAN; and *My Soldier Keeper*, by C. P. WOLLEY. *Cloudy Days*, by Rev. F. BOURDILLON, contains "short meditations on some texts and portions of Holy Scripture for the private use of those in trouble." The meditations are both short and sweet, and full of precious comfort for the sorrowing and suffering ones for whom they are intended. *The Lads of the Bible*, by the Rev. W. J. BETTISON, M.A., is another volume, which, like the preceding, is published under the direction of the Tract Committee. The writer takes the lads mentioned in the Bible, and brings out the lessons which are suggested by their lives. The book seems to be addressed chiefly to parents, and it is full of wise suggestions for the training of their children. Coming to books for the young, of which, as usual at this season, there is a goodly number, we would call the special attention of our readers to a volume entitled *The Zoo*, by the Rev. J. G. WOOD. An exceedingly attractive book on natural history, conveying in a very pleasing and interesting way a good deal of information about the chief animals in the Zoo. The illustrations by Harrison Weir add considerably to the charm and the value of this useful and instructive work. Amongst the story-books that we have received we give the first place to *Fireflies and Mosquitoes*, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE. It is not avowedly a book on natural history, like the work by Mr. Woods, but, as the title indicates, it is to a large extent taken up with descriptions of fireflies and mosquitoes. It tells us how a squire and his son, who were both invalided, went on a voyage in the *Firefly* with a view of recruiting. Amongst others they took with them as a companion an ardent naturalist, who succeeded in persuading them to go with him on various zoologizing expeditions in the various places where they landed. The story is one which is certain to please most boys. *Dodo, an Ugly Little Boy; or, Handsome is that Handsome does*, by EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, is intended chiefly for little boys. It

teaches some good wholesome truths in a very agreeable and amusing style. *Brotherhood; or, In the Way of Temptation*, illustrated by FRANK DODD, is a religious story for boys, the purpose and drift of which are sufficiently indicated in the title. It is pleasantly written, and is well suited both to interest and to profit the class for whom it is intended. *Andrew Garth's Apprentices*, by F. SCARLET POTTER; and *Getting on; or, How Reuben Bond became Rich*, by Mrs. NEWMAN, are two shorter stories, both excellent in matter and exceedingly tasteful in get-up. *Rainbows*, by JOHN W. DIGGLES, is a book of allegories and simple tales, intended as mirrors of religious truths written especially for children, but, like most good books of addresses to children, suited for older readers also. Indeed, some of the papers seem to us more adapted for the latter than the former. We may add that all of these books are more or less illustrated. *Simple Lessons on Great Truths*, by E. M. SARGANT, contains some wise and valuable suggestions to teachers of infant classes by one who is evidently thoroughly au fait with his subject. *Bob Nixon, the Old White Trapper: a Tale of British North America*, by the late W. H. KINGSTON; and *Whiter than the Snow: a story for younger children on holiness in childhood belonging to the New Penny Series of Popular Tales*, deserve a word of healthy commendation.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received a new volume of the Christian Classics Series, entitled *The Obedience of a Christian Man*. By WILLIAM TYNDALE. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, Introduction, and Analysis, by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. This is a striking and comprehensive treatise on the subject of Christian obedience. Mr. Lovett's Introduction and Biographical Sketch are carefully and thoroughly done, and materially help to the understanding and appreciation of Tyndale's work. The new issue in Bypaths of Bible Knowledge is *The Hittites: the Story of a Forgotten Empire*. By A. H. SAYCE. Dr. Wright's book on the Hittite Empire is, of course, the standard work on the subject, but this little book of Dr. Sayce's will be found very useful as giving the gist of what is known about what has been fitly styled the romance of ancient history. *The Council of Trent*, by T. RHYS EVANS, forms the subject of the fourth volume of the Church History Series. Mr. Evans gives us a very clear and succinct account of the proceedings of that memorable council, and enables us to see the sort of tactics which were employed by the Romish Church of the time. *How we are Saved*, by the Rev. JAMES A. R. DICKSON, D.D., is a useful little handbook, suitable for anxious inquirers and young Christians. *My Master and my Friend*, by the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., is another little book of a somewhat similar though not quite so elementary character. It contains words about the love and service of the Lord Jesus.

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